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OUT OF MY HAND.

ONE by one, one by one,
In the kindred light of the April sun,
While primrose and snowdrop gem the ground,
And the birds are mating and building around,
While violets blossom their steps to greet,
With laughing voices and dancing feet,
With wakening fancy and budding hope,
Beyond my reach, and beyond my scope,
They pass, while in fear and doubt I stand,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Baby pleasure, and baby care,
Not one of them but was mine to share ;
Not a tear, but I dried it with a kiss,
Not a smile, but I joined in its eager bliss ;
Now, the young knight arms for the coming
strife,

The sweet girl-fancies start to life,
They nestle, the maiden shyness beneath,
As the bright buds hide in their silken sheath,
By spring dews nourished, spring breezes
fanned,

Out of my hand, out of my hand.

I dare not trench on thy realm, my boy,
Nor rob thy sway of one virgin joy ;
I dare not touch with my faltering fingers
The blooms where the light of sunrise lingers,
Nor drag to the garish light of day,
What youth's proud reticence would delay ;
I can but wait outside it all,
Where the cold winds sigh and the brown
leaves fall ;

Oh, the castles I built ! oh, the joys I planned !
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Yet did I not bear them in peril and pain,
Did I not lavish, and watch, and refrain ;
Quitting the pleasures of parting youth,
The glories of science, and art, and truth,
That the paths for those little feet might be
Fresh, and sunny, and safe, and free ;
Scheme, and vision, and hope of mine,
They were but those golden heads to shrine ;
Now, alone and tired, slow drops the sand,
Grain by grain, from my failing hand.

Father of all, Saviour of all,
Behold at Thy altar-steps I fall ;
Thou wilt not disdain that I come at last,
With my treasure spent, and my noon-day
past ;

Take Thou the guidance that I resign,
Take this hard embittered heart of mine,
Take the baffled ambition, ungranted prayer,
Baseless terror, repining care ;
Guide each fairy bark to the heavenly strand,
Take my darlings, my darlings, to Thy hand.

All The Year Round.

TO IMMORTAL MUSIC.

NAY, Music, thou art young ! Not long ago
Thou hadst but rounded to thy perfect form,
Thy virginal, sweet heart was hardly warm,
And little knew of passion or of woe.

Now, prescient darling of the world's old
age —

Born to its gather'd wealth, its subtlety
And sadness — thou can'st sound the sound-
less sea,
Deeper than line of deepest thought can gauge.

Thy voice, ve'il'd seraph serving among men,
Wakes strains in us immortal as thine own ;
O say thou wilt not vanish from our ken,
Fly our dim earth as elder lights have flown,

And leave us dumb amidst the tuneful spheres,
With nothing lasting to the end but tears !
Spectator. EMILY PFEIFFER.

"MY HEART WAS HEAVY."

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul
wrong ;

So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place,
Where, pondering how all human love and
hate

Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened
face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none de-
part,

Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
One common sorrow like a mighty wave
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I for-
gave ! WHITTIER.

THE PRIMROSE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

WELCOME, pale primrose ! starting up be-
tween

Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that
strew

The every lawn, the wood, and spinney
through,

'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;
How much thy presence beautifies the
ground !

How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm
side !

And where thy fairy flowers in groups are
found,

The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight :

While the meek shepherd stops his simple
song,

To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

Chambers' Journal.

From The New Quarterly Review.
THE HEBREW WOMAN.

BY CONSTANCE DE ROTHSCHILD.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. . . . Strength and honour are her clothing: she shall rejoice in time to come." — PROVERBS XXXI. 17, 25.

To love the weak, to shield and protect the tender, to succour the troubled, are precepts which form the texts of innumerable sermons, preached year after year from every pulpit, and which have ever found a willing response in all generous hearts rich in charity and love.

It was during the gloomy Middle Ages that the "enthusiasm of humanity" found its earliest votaries; it was in that period of violence and bloodshed that the feelings of charity and pity, so long stunted in their growth, burst into full and beautiful flower, and it was under the shadow of the mediæval Church that they attained their fullest maturity. It was then that the sick and the suffering were cared for by men and women of noble birth, it was then that the strong man and the delicate woman tended their unhappy brother or fever-stricken sister with their own hands. The story of the Middle Ages is blotted with dark and terrible sins, but it is also glorified by brilliant virtues, which show forth all the brighter in the midst of the long annals of cruelty and oppression.

Homage to the weak!

It was a doctrine preached by hermit and priest, and practised — partially, at all events — by the chivalry of the time.

Homage to the weak, the sick, and the miserable! And homage also to the gentle and the beautiful! Woman, in her weakness, shared with the poor and the suffering in the charity and tenderness inculcated by religion, and strengthened not unfrequently her claims by the magical potency of youth and loveliness.

But may there not have been a lurking danger about this great and noble precept? Poverty and helplessness can be fostered by the love and care which are spent upon them, until they become entangling weeds, destroying the healthy plants of independence and industry. Woman, made the object of excessive homage, without receiving corresponding

cultivation, too easily becomes selfish, vain, and even cruel. We know how rapidly mendicants multiplied in all the civilized countries of Europe, and became ere long the *plâie sanglante* of the social body. From being "the Lord's poor," they have come to be looked upon as the disgrace and bane of the community. And, in like manner, the chivalry which has (at least, in theory) for ages surrounded woman in all Christian lands, has too often allowed her practically to decline into a helpless and useless being, unfitted either to perform the duties or enjoy the higher pleasures of human existence.

"Homage to the woman morally and intellectually strong!" to the woman of sound judgment, powerful thought, and independent action! This was a text preached in an earlier age: "Strength and honour are her clothing" are words which were originally written in a Hebrew tongue, and they belong to the Hebrew picture of a perfect woman — the ideal of a nation amongst whom woman was honoured and unfettered, and who, while it held her beauty and grace to be precious, yet said of her, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

From early ages the women of Israel seem to have enjoyed a considerable degree of freedom. They resembled, indeed, in not a few respects the Teuton women, who, like them, were vigorous and high-spirited, renowned for their purity and courage, and who could, when occasion required, appear on the field of battle, and urge their husbands to defy death rather than submit to the victor's mercy, and who, we are told also, counted prophets and priests amongst their ranks. A wide chasm, however, separates the women of Israel from their contemporaries, who lived either in Eastern climes or on European shores. Perhaps we may fairly imagine them to have been influenced throughout all their history by those words which I have selected as the key-note to this article, and which may well have been their treasured device from the early days, when they dwelt apart in a corner of Syria, up to the present time, when a wonderful concatenation of circumstances has carried

them among all people, and into all countries of the world.

Beginning with one of the oldest nations of whom we have any record, the Hindoos, we are told that the condition of the women of their race has been deteriorating since the Vedic ages. However honoured a position they may once have held, they soon fell into a state of hopeless dependence. The great lawgiver Menu leaves us a sad and curious picture of a Hindoo woman's fate in life:—

"In childhood must a female be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; *if she have no sons, on the near kinsmen of her husband; if he left no kinsmen, on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsmen, on the sovereign*: a woman must never seek independence."*

"The Hindoo laws, religious and civil, have for centuries been undergoing transmutation, development, and in some points depravation, at the hands of Brahminical expositors, and no rules have been so uniformly changed—as we should say, for the worse—as those which affect the legal position of women. . . . For although British legislation has corrected some of its (Hindoo law's) excesses, its principles are untouched, and are left to produce some of their results."†

The dependence of the Indian woman, depicted by the lawgiver Menu, became exaggerated in later days, and led to the modern practice of incarceration for life, and to the still more dreadful death by suttee, now happily abolished.

Among the ancient Greeks, the most highly intellectual people of the world, woman also occupied a far less worthy position than she did among the ruder shepherd tribes of the Hebrews. It is only in the Homeric age, and particularly among the women of the Odyssey, that we find healthy, unrestrained thought and action, with corresponding dignity and independence. "At the court of Alcinous we are especially introduced to Queen Arete, as a lady honoured by her husband

above the honour given to other ladies by their husbands, and greeted with kindly words by her people whenever she went out through the city, for she was not wanting in good sense and discretion, and acted as a peacemaker, allaying the quarrels of men. The position of married women in the royal house was a high one." "The charming portrait of the Princess Nausicaa corresponds with it perfectly; and in all these ladies we find the greatest liberty of demeanour, and an absence of silly jealousy on the part of their relatives."* But this was a prehistoric age. Homer's men and women were closely allied to the gods and goddesses of mythology, when Pallas Athene was supposed to whisper words of wisdom and wit into the ears of her favourite, whilst Aphrodite clothed them with supernatural loveliness and grace. In the words of the German poet—

Zu Deukalion's Geschlechte stiegen
Damals noch die Himmlischen herab;
Pyrrha's schöne Töchter zu besiegen,
Nahm der Leto Sohn den Hirtenstab.
Zwischen Menschen, Göttern und Heroen
Knüpfte Amor einen schönen Bund,
Sterbliche mit Göttern und Heroen
Huldigten in Amathunt.†

In later ages, however, the Greek woman became but the faithful slave of her refined and intellectual lord. She lived her own pent-up life, excluded from the busy hum of the gossiping city, from all joyous public resorts, from the theatre with its great intellectual influence, from the social board in her own house, in short, from what may be considered one of the chief elements of female education—the society of men.‡ In Athens especially women were shut up in their gynæconitis, treated with systematic contempt, and debarred alike from mental and physical exercise.

The author of the "Social Life in Greece," trying to find a reason for the really Asiatic jealousy with which women of the higher classes were locked up in Athens, says, "It is well known that the wealth and the luxury of the Asiatic cities far exceeded those of their Hellenic sisters. It seems, therefore, more than probable that

* Institutes of Menu, chap. v. paragraph 143.

† See Sir Henry Maine's "Early History of Institutions," lecture xi.

* See Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece," chap. iii.

† See Schiller's "Götter Griechenland."

‡ See Becker's "Charicles," excursus to scene xii.

the Asiatic tinge, which the Ionic Greeks received, both by their contact with Lydia, and by the Persian conquest of Ionia, as it certainly introduced lower notions concerning the social position of women, so it also affected fashionable life at Athens. . . . I think that some such influence as this should be conceded, and it will help to explain the extraordinary phenomenon before us. I mean, how imperial Athens, the home of the arts and of literature, the centre, perhaps, even then, of social refinement in Greece — though this is doubtful — how this Athens, which had thoroughly solved the problem of the extension of privileges to all citizens, had retrograded as to women; and, if not in practice, yet certainly in theory, denied them that reasonable liberty which all the older Greek literature shows them to have hitherto possessed.* The heroines of Homer's verse, and of Æschylus' and Sophocles' dramas, had, indeed, given place to women of another type. Antigone and Electra found no successors in a later age. The *hetairæ* alone were permitted to be accomplished and learned, and the Greeks never advanced sufficiently in their civilization to wish to see Aspasia's learning and cultivation united to the modesty and purity of their own wives and daughters.

The Roman woman bears a greater resemblance to her Hebrew sister, and has bequeathed to the pages of history and literature many an honoured name. Who can forget the heroic maidens, Clelia and Valeria; Lucretia, who chose death rather than dishonour; Volumnia, the high-spirited mother of Coriolanus; Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; or Portia, the wife of Brutus? Although the Roman wife was, like the whole household, entirely subordinate to the husband, she was habitually treated with respect. She appears as the mistress of her household, instructress of her children, and guardian of the honour of the house. Walking abroad was only limited by scruple and custom, not by law, or the jealous will of the husband. The women frequented public theatres no less than the men, and took their places with them at festive banquets.

Through all the earlier ages, the description of the Roman woman is simple and grand, but when the republic fell, when extravagant luxury overspread the land, the character of the Roman woman deteriorated. She became cruel and voluptuous. Conjugal fidelity grew rare, and at last we arrive at the degrading and terrible pictures of the Agrippinas and Messalinas of the empire.

There remain to be considered the Teuton and the Hebrew women, and it is certainly not a little remarkable that the position of the sex should have had so many points of similarity in the two races, which, in ancient and modern times, have led the religious movements of the world, and exercised the greatest influence upon the spiritual nature of mankind.* We read in Tacitus that the Teutons "suppose somewhat of sanctity or prescience to be inherent in the female sex, and therefore neither despise their counsels nor disregard their responses. We have beheld in the reign of Vespasian, Velida, long venerated by many as a deity. Aurima, moreover, and several others, were formerly held in equal veneration, but not with a servile flattery, nor as though they made them goddesses."†

From the time that the Hebrews became a nation, having their own laws, religion, and rulers, their women were free and independent, and this very independence, which produced strength of character, became their honour and their glory. To be strong and brave was, as we have seen, the ideal contained in that prophecy which King Lemuel's mother taught him.

* As the pure faith in *One* God found its most fervent upholders and apostles among the Hebrews, who transmitted it to other nations, so the essence of that same monotheistic faith was rescued by the Teuton race at the great Reformation from being corrupted into a new phase of idolatry, and from becoming incompatible with the spirit of progress and civilization. Thus there is a striking bond between the old Hebrew and the mediæval Teuton, and the fervent religious feeling which characterized both nations (as the sentiment of art characterized the Greeks) may well have nourished that tender devotion which the Hebrew and Teuton men alike showed to the women of their race, and have given rise to that heroic spirit evinced by the women of Palestine, no less than by the women of Germany.

† See Tacitus' treatise on "The Situation, Manners, and Inhabitants of Germany."

* See chap. vi., p. 48, "Social Life in Greece."

It is not a little interesting to inquire how far this picture was realized by the female characters of the Bible. At the outset we may remark that the results of modern criticism and research can in no degree affect the conclusion we may draw respecting the character of the Hebrew women which we find in the scriptural accounts. Whatever amount of error may be blended with the historical narrative, the *ideal* of the historian remains equally certain. The most literal record of facts, the most faultless chronology of kings and queens, the photographic pictures of battle-fields, would fail to give us as clear and sure an index to the mode of thought of the Hebrew people as we derive from descriptions of a Deborah, a Ruth, or a Hannah. Fortunately, we are enabled to grasp with some amount of precision these types of Syrian life; we are permitted to glean from the various writers the position of women among the Hebrews, and at times we see how they were allowed to hold and to pass on the burning torch of spiritual light and civilization, which has in its turn kindled the lamp which burns before every Jewish and Christian altar.

And let us remember that in talking of the Hebrews, we are dealing with no extinct or imaginary people, but with those whose descendants constantly reproduce their ancient character; with women whose idiosyncrasies were so strong that no phase of civilization could prevent their recurrence — modified, perhaps, but still distinctive — from one generation to another. It must strike all readers how numerous are the female characters depicted in the Biblical and Apocryphal writings, and if we glance rapidly through some of those well-known names, we shall see what an important part these Syrians women have played in the history of their nation.

How the old familiar names rise unbidden to our lips! Who does not think of Deborah, prophetess, poetess, and warlike chieftainess, who could awaken the dormant spirit of her people and lead them triumphantly to the battle? "She is," to borrow the eloquent words of Dean Stanley, "the magnificent impersonation of the spirit of the Jewish people and of Jewish life. On the coins of the Roman empire, Judea is represented as a woman, seated under a palm-tree, captive and weeping. It is the contrast of that figure which will best place before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Judæan palm, under whose shadow she sits, not with downcast eyes, and fold-

ed hands, and extinguished hopes, but with all the fire of faith and energy, eager for the battle, confident of the victory. Hers is the one voice of inspiration (in the full sense of the word) that breaks out in the Book of Judges. . . . Hers is the prophetic word that gives an utterance and a sanction to the thoughts of freedom, of independence, and of national unity such as they had never had before in the world, and have rarely had since."* The very possibility of the existence of a Deborah speaks trumpet-tongued for the moral and mental worth of Hebrew women.

We may surmise that Deborah's heroic mantle fell, after the lapse of centuries, upon the shoulders of Judith, for in this second avenger of her people's wrongs we find the same patriotic zeal, the same independent action, coupled, it is true, with more questionable attributes. The cruelty to enemies which obscures the lustre of both characters, and which we often find in those hearts where patriotism beat loudest, was, we must, in justice, remember, the reflex shadow cast by their intense love of race and country — a sentiment common among all young nations, and which only faded before the more perfect light of civilization. Even in Esther, the gentler and more delicately-drawn queen of Ahasuerus, the Hebrew myrtle, blossoming on an Asiatic court of barbarous pomp, we find patriotism and self-forgetting courage darkened by an act of revenge and cruelty.

Courage and grandeur of character seem to have reached their acme in the story of the noble mother whose story is told in the Book of the Maccabees. Almost without a parallel in history is this Jewish woman, whose very name has fallen into oblivion, but who will ever be remembered as the heroic mother of seven heroic sons. This woman united the faith of Deborah with the bravery and devotion of Judith, and was, in truth, the forerunner of that great and holy army of martyrs, which, seen through the dim mist of ages, stands forth in colossal proportions, exciting in us the profoundest feelings of admiration and of awe. The author of the Book of the Maccabees tells her story in one short chapter. The Jews were under Syrian rule, the hardest, the cruellest they had yet suffered, and Antiochus Epiphanes was the tyrant who, in resolving to annihilate the Jewish faith, gave it fresh life and strength. The

* See Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church."

monarch insisted upon enforcing his decrees, which the Jews obstinately resisted, and day after day the most horrible scenes were enacted. A mother and her seven sons were called upon to eat unlawful meat, and having indignantly refused to obey were brought before Antiochus. The mother, we are told, was "marvellous above all, and worthy of honourable memory." As one of her sons after another was subjected to tortures, varied with fiendish ingenuity, each was upheld in his last moments of agony by the heroic woman, until the youngest alone survived. Antiochus, thinking it a disgrace to be thus baffled, promised the youth honour and riches if he would fore-swear the Jewish faith, and bade the mother counsel her son to yield to his persuasion. But the lion-hearted woman laughed the tyrant to scorn, and bursting forth in her own Hebrew tongue, said to her son, "Fear not this tormentor, but being worthy of thy brothers, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy." Bereft of all her children, the mother at last, without a murmur, herself suffered death for her faith.

This same heroic spirit, ready to encounter pain and death, reappears again and again in succeeding ages, and the long annals of inhuman persecution are likewise the records of barbarous superhuman courage, and of beautiful, all-sustaining faith.

Perhaps one of the most significant facts concerning the women of the Bible is that they were not debarred from the prophetic office. "Women as well as men were seized with the gift," says Stanley; and he instances "Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, Anna, and the four daughters of Philip." Miriam seems to have been inspired by the first breath of freedom which she drew upon the shores of the Red Sea, whilst Deborah burst forth in her jubilant song after victory had been gained over the oppressors of her people. We read also of prophetesses at a later date, — Huldah, who lived within the College of Jerusalem, and to whom King Hilkiah and the high priest himself repaired when they sought counsel upon weighty matters. There is mention made also in the Old Testament of false prophetesses as well as false prophets; for Ezekiel, in denouncing the false prophets who deceived the people by lying words, says, "Thou son of man, set thy face against the daughters of thy people, which prophesy out of their own heart." (Ezek. xiii. 17.)

Another peculiarity of the women of

the Bible is, that neither prophetesses, teachers, nor heroines were severed from the ordinary ties of domestic life. Deborah was the wife of Lapedoth; Judith was the widow of Manasses, whom she had mourned for three years; Hannah was the devoted mother of Samuel; Ruth the loving daughter-in-law of Naomi; and the Maccabean woman is only known as the mother of the seven sons. Monkish celibacy, with its train of attendant evils, never — except partially among the Es-senes — had any place in the ethics of Judaism.

Numberless are the traits of tender domestic affection to be found, like wild flowers in the wilderness, inexpressibly cheering in the midst of those sandy wastes, which we come across in some of the historical books of the Old Testament. Who does not recall that exquisite little touch of pathos relating how Isaac refused to be comforted after his mother's death, until the young wife Rebekah comes to live in that mother's tent? What can surpass among either Greek or Roman idylls the story of Jacob and Rachel? Such tender, enduring, and constant love as Jacob evinced, from the very first moment of courtship until the last sad scene of Bethlehem — love which could give wings to time, which could keep strong and true in spite of a detestable fraud, which proved unalterable during the blight of childlessness (considered as a curse in the Orient) — such love gives us one of the greatest and best of proofs that woman's position among the Hebrews was full of dignity, and that her life was not untouched by that spirit of romance which we sometimes imagine to be only the fruit of modern life and sentiment. The story of Hannah, with its under-current of tender feeling, is another instance of the most devoted conjugal affection. Do we not all remember how Elkanah redoubles his devotion to cheer the sad woman, when he appeals to her with the loving words — "Why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

No wonder, then, that so many of the pithy sayings of the Book of Proverbs should relate to conjugal happiness or the reverse, such as —

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord" (chap. xviii. 22).

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed is as rottenness to his bones" (chap. xii. 4).

"It is better to dwell in the corner of a

housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house" (chap. xxv. 24).

The Talmudical writings take up the same theme, and give us pathetic, quaint and even comical variations upon it, or perhaps occasionally commentaries on some household or domestic text, well known in the days when they were written, but now forgotten. Thus—

"The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his lifetime."

"If a man divorces his wife, the altar itself sheds tears over him."

"Everything in life can be replaced: the wife of early days is irreplaceable."

"An honourable man honours his wife, a contemptible one despiseth her."

"If thy wife be small, bend down to her and speak to her; do nothing without her advice."

"Man and wife well matched, have heaven's glory as their companion; man and woman ill matched are encircled by a devouring fire."

"Rather any ache than heart-ache; rather any evil than an evil wife."

"He who loveth his wife like himself, and honoureth her even more than himself; who leadeth his sons and his daughters in the path of integrity, and who provides for their settlement in early life; to him may be applied the scripture passage, 'Thou shalt know that peace shall adorn thy tent.'"

"A man who takes a wife for the sake of her money rears ill-behaved children."

"He who marries a woman congenial to himself is loved by the Almighty."

"When a man loseth his wife, the world around him groweth dark, the light in his tent is dim, and the light before him is extinguished."

"He who has no wife lives without comfort, without help, without joy, and without blessing."

Here we have an unprecedented and unusual compliment to woman in her old age—

"An old man in a house is a terror; an old woman is a pearl."

Quaint in the extreme, and reminding us of the familiar rhyme of "The House that Jack Built," is the following saying of Rabbi Jehudah:—

"There are fourteen things, each one is harder than the other, and each struggles for mastery over the rest. The deep sea is an object of dread, but the land keeps it within narrow bounds. The open land is unyielding, but the mountains rise above it. The mountains seem irresistible, but iron proudly cleaves them

asunder. Iron is hard, but fire fuses it. Fire is a fierce tyrant; water subdues and extinguishes it. Water is difficult to restrain, but the clouds easily carry it aloft. Clouds are beyond control, but the storm disperses them. The storm rages mightily, yet the wall braves it. The wall forms a strong barrier, yet man can break it down. Man seems inflexible, but trouble lays him prostrate. Trouble appears insurmountable; wine dispels it, and causes it to be forgotten; but the pleasures of wine fade before illness, and illness itself is ended by the angel of death, who carries the soul away. But," ends the learned rabbi, (and who does not see the sly twinkle of his eye, and stealthy smile of his lips, as he writes these words?) "more ungovernable than any other evil is a bad wife!"

Rabbi Chia, who lived in the third century, was afflicted with this evil; and when giving his parting blessing to his nephew, who was about to start upon a journey, said, "May the Lord save thee from something worse than death,—a bad wife!" But the great sense of conjugal affection which prevailed among the Jews obtained even for the obnoxious wife a certain forbearance. "Is it not enough that women educate our children?" said the same good rabbi,—defending his shrewish Judith.*

There was, it must be confessed, in spite of the tender and loving devotion shown by husbands to their wives, one point of painful and striking resemblance between the Hebrews and other Eastern nations, and this was the almost universal custom of polygamy. The Hebrew maiden, when she left the tent of her parents, knew that she would, in all probability, not be the only wife of her husband. "Polygamy was lawful among the Hebrews," writes a learned author of the present day; "it even formed the basis of some of the ordinances of the Pentateuch. . . . But it must be admitted, that even in the Biblical times, the Hebrews showed a growing tendency towards monogamy, which, as a matter of fact, prevailed in later times, till an authoritative decree issued in the eleventh Christian century made it compulsory, under the threat of excommunication, and has since been adopted by all modern Jews."† But in spite of this practice of polygamy, our

* Collected by a modern Jewish student from the Talmud, and from the Collection of Rabbinical Proverbs and Adages of Buxdorf, Dukes, and Giuseppe Levi.

† Kalisch, "Commentary on the Old Testament."

Western notions are gratified by the fact that Hebrew maidens were not usually married without their willing consent. The beautiful Oriental scene of Rebekah's courtship by Eleazer would be incomplete were it not for the question addressed to Laban's daughter, "Wilt thou go with this man?" showing that the young girl had a free voice in the matter.

Nor was polygamy, as I have shown, incompatible with great conjugal love; for instance, we should hardly expect any civil code to include a law like the following: "When a man has taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, nor shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home for one year, that he may cheer his wife whom he has taken." (Deut. xxiv. 5.) Nor did it interfere with the existence among the Hebrews of warm filial devotion and affection. Children were from the first instructed to honour their father and their *mother*; indeed, the Mosaic law places the reverence due to the mother in the foreground: "Ye shall fear every man his mother and his father." (Lev. xix. 3.) Unlike the Greek women, who were in complete ignorance of everything beyond weaving wool and cooking dinners, or who, like Aspasia, were merely celebrated for learning and wit (Pericles did not entrust his household affairs to her, but to a trusty steward), the Hebrew woman was not only supposed to be a busy housewife, but she was also her children's first teacher, and to her glory was it said, "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

Over and over again do we come across a maxim or a verse bearing upon the respect or love which is due to the mother, such as—

"A wise man maketh a glad father, but a foolish son despiseth his mother." (Prov. xv. 20.)

"A foolish son is a grief to his father, and a bitterness to her who bore him." (Prov. xvii. 25.)

"Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in darkness." (Prov. xx. 20.)

It was the mother's province to watch over her child's earliest years, and we all remember how Hannah's desire of dedicating the child Samuel to a holy life was instantly agreed to by Elkanah, and how the mother went herself to Shiloh to present her little son to the high priest. "For this child I prayed, she said, and the Lord hath given me my petition;

therefore have I lent him to the Lord." (1 Sam. i. 27.)

The strict isolation and supervision of harem life, weakening to body and to mind, was entirely alien to the old Hebrews, and was, of course, impossible in patriarchal ages and long afterwards. The women moved freely both amongst their own and the opposite sex. Numerous must have been the Rebekahs and the Rachael's who appeared unveiled at the well, meeting the shepherds with their flocks, the wayfarers to the town, and the travellers from afar. Ruth was but one of many gleaners who followed in the wake of the reapers; nor was Hannah the solitary example of a sad-hearted woman, who, kneeling within the Temple, poured forth her grief and petition in prayer.

Again, we find that Hebrew women were allowed to take part in public gatherings and in popular festivals, adding their voice to the song of praise, their note on the timbrel to the sound of rejoicing. When Saul and David returned in triumph, after their victory over the Philistines, they were met by the women of Israel chanting in chorus, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands." In fact, it would seem that one of the duties of Hebrew women was to give public utterance to the feelings of gladness or of lamentation among the people, something like the chorus of a Greek play, as now exulting strains burst from their lips, and now we hear their low and plaintive cry. "Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul," exclaimed David, in his lament over the fallen king. Jeremiah, when bemoaning the wickedness of the people, says, "Consider ye and call for mourning women, that they may come; let them make haste and make wailing for us. O ye women, teach your daughters wailing." (Jer. ix. 20.)

Amongst these many singers of Israel, there were some who attained to the rank of poetess. Deborah's song is one of the most precious heirlooms of Hebrew poetry, and the wild, free note of Miriam bears the mark of poetic genius. May we not surmise that women took part in the service of praise which was performed in the Temple, and is it not to such a practice that the Psalmist possibly refers when he says, "Both young men and maidens, praise the Lord?" (Psalm cxlviii. 12.) We know that the prophetess existed, therefore why not the singer of the Lord's glory? This would not be against the spirit of the old dispensation, for it is from the lips of St. Paul that we hear for

the first time, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

It may, however, be urged that Jewish women, during the Middle Ages, held a very subordinate position as regarded religious observances, for they were only permitted to visit the synagogue when concealed in a dimly-lighted gallery, and no religious service or ceremony could take place unless in the presence of ten men. It is impossible to deny these facts, but I believe that they were entirely due to rabbinical law, which, in attempting to carry out and enlarge upon the Mosaic law, not seldom changed and perverted it. The ingenuity of the rabbis was displayed in trying not only to account for and explain various texts, but in developing out of them new precepts which, according to the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest, should long since have become extinct. For instance, the custom which demanded that *ten* adult males should form the minimum number of a congregation was deduced by the rabbis from the fact that Abraham prayed that Sodom might be spared "if ten righteous men" could be found in the city, that amount of males being consequently considered the smallest that could intercede with the Almighty. This seemed to the rabbis proof sufficient that no ceremonial or sacrificial act could be performed unless in the presence of ten men. When the choral services of the Temple of old gave way to the plaintive public services which were conducted during the time of the dispersion of the Jews, the office of a special reciter or precentor became a matter of necessity, and for such an office a man (perhaps because he was capable of greater fatigue) was chosen, and women were certainly from that time excluded from taking any lead in ritual observances. But the women of the Old Testament were allowed to visit and seek counsel, perhaps even instruction, from the seers, there is but little doubt, the new moon or Sabbath days being especially selected for such visits, and perhaps through this direct intercourse with the most spiritual and highly gifted people of their race the women attained to a higher degree of intellectual strength than would have been possible to their Eastern sisters.

The story of the Shunamite brings this forcibly to our minds. We all remember how this kind friend of the "man of God," when in sore and heavy trouble about her son's death, which she courageously concealed from her husband's knowledge, pre-

pared to visit the prophet Elisha. But it happened not to be either new moon or Sabbath, stated times at which the Shunamite visited the seer, and her husband wondered at the proceeding. The Shunamite is one of the beautiful sketches in Biblical history. With all her dignity and simplicity, she may best be described—may I be forgiven the expression?—by what the French call so appositely *une grande dame*, who delicately and unostentatiously provides the prophet with those comforts of which he stood in need, and when asked how she would be rewarded for her care, whether her name should be mentioned to the king or to the captain of the host, answers with exquisite self-respect, "I dwell among mine own people."

Not only were the women of the Bible often the friends, and sometimes the disciples, of the prophets, but, as we have seen, they were also considered no unfit recipients of divine wisdom, and we are consequently not surprised when we see wisdom personified by a woman in the beautiful lines of an Apocryphal author, writing in the name of King Solomon. "I loved her," he says, "above health and beauty, I loved her and sought her out from my youth, . . . knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things, a comfort in cares and griefs. After I am come into mine house, I will repose myself with her, . . . for her conversation hath no bitterness, and to live with her hath no sorrow, but mirth and joy." (Wisdom viii. 2, 9, 16.)

In mentioning the poetical writings of the Old Testament, we cannot forget that the one idyll of the Bible—"one of those quiet corners of history which are the green spots of all time, and which appear to become greener and greener as they recede into the distance"—owes its pathos to its heroine Ruth. Ruth, in her relation to Naomi, is the impersonation of devotion and faithfulness. Her story is the one great example we have in literature of female friendship. The words she uses have become almost proverbial in their pathos—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." (Ruth i. 16.) And the tender affection with which she clings to Naomi is all the more touching, coming as it does from a younger to an older woman. As the tale proceeds, and the writer shows

us Ruth amongst the gleaners in the field of Boaz, he paints a striking picture of the courtesy which could exist between man and woman in those rude and lawless ages. This courtesy was all the more cordial, when it extended to the widow and the fatherless, and many are the laws framed by the Mosaic dispensation which bade justice mete out no faulty measure to the solitary woman, and which commanded love and charity to open wide their arms and take her into their sheltering care.

I cannot conclude this short account of the characteristics of the Hebrew woman without mentioning a few of the post-Biblical or Talmudic heroines. I do not intend entering into the melancholy and detailed accounts of the persecutions of the Jews, in which the women played no small part, evincing a sublime display of faith and heroism—for persecution has always produced martyrs, and woman's courage has invariably risen to the occasion—but I will give a few examples of the strength of mind and love of knowledge peculiar to the descendants of the "children of Israel."

It was in the tenth century, when the changes in the Eastern settlements and colleges of the Jews drove many learned and ardent followers of Judaism to seek new homes in Egypt, Spain, and other friendly countries, that Rabbi Moses ben Chench, accompanied by his beautiful young wife, left the once famous College of Sura, and embarked for Europe. Near Bari, on the coast of Italy, the ship was captured by a Moorish admiral, who took no trouble to hide the admiration with which he regarded the young Jewess, offending her grievously by his insulting proposals. At last she appealed to her husband, "Will the Almighty save those who cast themselves into the sea?" The rabbi answered in a text taken from the Psalms: "The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan; I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea." On receiving this response, the young Jewess leaped into the waves, and there found her deliverance—in death.

As an instance of heroic faith and resignation, I cannot refrain from citing the beautiful story of the heroic, wise-hearted mother, who lost her two sons during the absence of her husband Rabbi Meir. When the rabbi returned to his home, ignorant of the calamity which had befallen him, he was met on the threshold by his wife. "My husband," she said, gravely and calmly, "a great Lord once lent me

two precious jewels, begging me to keep them for him, until he should reclaim them. In your absence he has sent for them; so I gave them up fearlessly. Will you not say that I did well?" "Well, in truth," answered the rabbi quickly, "what would you do otherwise?" Then the mother, full of faith, led her wondering husband into an inner chamber, where her sons lay in the sleep of death, and said, "See our reclaimed jewels! The great Lord has taken them. We cannot murmur, for they were his own."

I am tempted to tell another story, at which we may smile perhaps, whilst we must yet admire the powers of endurance, united to the appreciation of learning, evinced by Rachael, the wife of the celebrated Akiba. The wealthy Calba Sabua, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, had one beautiful daughter, Rachael, who was passionately beloved by one of her father's shepherds, Akiba by name. Calba Sabua would not receive such a son-in-law; but Rachael, returning the devoted affection of Akiba, disregarded her father's prohibition, spurned the wealth of her father's house, and became the wife of the shepherd. The poverty and destitution of the young couple must have been extreme; for Rachael, in order to assuage their pangs of hunger, cut off and sold her abundant locks. "With the help of God," exclaimed the poor shepherd, "I will replace those tresses with a diadem of gold." In accordance with the wish of Rachael, her husband quitted his humble occupation, and commenced a student's career. Incited by his wife's spirit, Akiba became the disciple of the greatest sages of the day; and during twelve long years he studied with unabated ardour, until he had acquired a vast amount of knowledge. He then returned to his lowly home; and as he approached the threshold, he heard a man loudly reviling his wife for having joined her fate to that of a miserable wretch, without fortune or position, who had, moreover, abandoned her for twelve years. "If my husband were to return to me to-day," exclaimed Rachael, "I would persuade him to spend yet another twelve years with the sages of the land, so that he might attain to the highest perfection." Akiba heard these words, and was so much impressed with their sagacity, that he departed quietly from the door, and obeyed his wife to the letter. After twelve years he returned, this time with an immense retinue of attached disciples. As he approached his dwelling, the proud and happy Rachael came out to meet him, and made

a low obeisance before him, after Oriental fashion. The disciples, thinking she was some importunate beggar, wished to remove her, and listened in amazement to the rabbi, who exclaimed, "It is my wife, my wife, Rachael! Friends, I am rich, for I am the husband of a wife who excels in good deeds."

Of course, Calba Sabua was ready to recognize so distinguished a son-in-law, and Akiba was thus permitted to crown his Rachael's head with a diadem of gold.

The appreciation of learning in others necessarily leads to the desire of acquiring it for ourselves, and this we find in many learned Jewish women of later ages the natural successors of the Rachael of Talmudic fame.

During the Middle Ages, when the Jews were scattered over the most civilized parts of Europe, and had acquired the languages of the countries in which they had settled, the Jewesses were also taught their own Hebrew tongue. Many of them studied the Pentateuch diligently, and were well versed in Jewish law, some of them attaining to great and deserved fame. Chelith, the sister of Rashi (the famous commentator of the Bible, who lived in the eleventh century), and her granddaughter Miriam, are cited as learned ladies and great authorities on questions of ritual. Dolce, the wife of Eleazer of Worms (a celebrated Jewish rabbi and author of the thirteenth century), understood the most complicated parts of the law, and taught her co-religionists the Jewish liturgy. The wife of Joseph ben Jochanan, of Paris, was said to be "almost a rabbi in learning." Brune of Mayence was another distinguished lady; and Litte of Ratisbon was a poetess, who composed a history of David in German verse.* Brenvenda, the wife of Samuel Abavanel, who lived in the fifteenth century, was celebrated for her intelligence and culture, no less than for her kindness and benevolence. She became the friend and instructress of Leonora, daughter of Pedro di Toledo, viceroy of Naples, which friendship continued unabated after the marriage of Leonora with Cosmo dei Medici.

Let it not be imagined from any of the foregoing remarks that I hold up Hebrew women as *perfect models*. I only wish to prove that the standard of female excellence in the nation was a high and noble one, and that the estimation in which the Hebrew women were held, and the posi-

tion they were allowed to fill, proved that they at least occasionally approached, if they could not actually attain it. That they could be dissimulating, deceitful, and even cruel, is only too evident from many of the pages of Biblical history; whilst the third chapter of Isaiah, commenting upon the failings of the women of his time, shows us in no flattering glass, the follies to which they were prone. As Savonarola in later days led a fierce crusade against the female vanity which displeased his earnest gaze, so did Isaiah lash with the fierce whip of his scorn the frivolity of the Hebrew women—of those "haughty daughters of Zion, walking with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go." It is with an unsparing hand that the prophet deals his stinging blows at "the tinkling ornaments about their feet, at their cauls, their round tires like the moon, at the chains, bracelets, mufflers, and bonnets; at the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands; at the tablets, earrings, rings, and nose-jewels; at the changeable suits of apparel, mantles, wimples, crisping-pins, glasses, fine linen, hoods, and veils"—all of which we may suppose requisite for the complete attire of the fashionable women of the day, and not a few of which may be found forming part of the toilet of their modern representatives.

I will not, however, conclude with this picture, truthful though it may be, but will turn back to that other description of the Hebrew woman, which may well have had its prototype in real life, and be the portrait of one whose name is lost, but who yet has left her "footprints on the sands of time." According to the old Hebrew idea, the perfect woman must possess energy, strength of purpose, and active zeal. Her home must be the abode of order, purity, and cheerfulness. She must be just and impartial to those around her, and provident and generous to her dependents. She must guide and instruct her children. She must minister to the poor at her door, giving them her time, her trouble, her loving sympathy. She must be prudent and far-sighted. She must open her mouth with wisdom, and yet her tongue must know the law of kindness. Being and doing thus, she will deserve what has been said of her original, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

For good and for evil, the Hebrew women played their part in the story of their times. They did not shrink from life, with its stirring passions and awful trage-

* See Zunz "*Geschichte und Literatur der Juden*."

dies; nor were they shut up in their own narrow grooves, and petted as visions of fragile beauty, born to satisfy the caprice or whims of their lord. Still less did they hold the sad and degrading position of household slaves. The Hebrew woman was man's helpmate, the beloved wife of his home, the wise mother and first teacher of her children; but she was also ready to share his perils, and to incite him to noble deeds by her words and her example—to work for and, if need be, suffer for her country's good, as well as to minister to the happiness of the domestic hearth. Such was the *ideal* type of Hebrew womanhood.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"TELL MISS SMITH TO SEND MISS HATTON AND MISS PLEASANCE HERE."

"TELL Miss Smith to send Miss Hatton and Miss Pleasance here," said Miss Cayley to the housemaid, who came in answer to her mistress's ring.

Miss Cayley spoke sharply, for she was a little sharp by nature, and she was rendered sharper by her profession. She was a schoolmistress—a little keen-eyed, intelligent-looking, not unladylike woman, wizened and worn by half a lifetime's struggle, not to make her bread alone—though that is sometimes hard enough to make—but with the contrarieties of pupils and pupils' parents, teachers, governesses, and servants. Miss Cayley fought them all single-handed, and she showed the brunt of the battle by not a little leanness, and not a few lines in her thin grey face. But she was not so worn as not to remain mistress of herself and of a painful situation.

Miss Cayley was in her drawing-room when she rang the bell. It was a pleasanter room than many such drawing-rooms. In the first place, Miss Cayley's school was situated in an old country-house, six miles beyond even the suburb of a large town. In the second, Miss Cayley had a character of her own, and managed to impress it on her belongings—on her favourite chair, her little reading-table, her stand of plants, her very knitting, and the magazine which she had been reading,

and which lay open on the table before her. In the third, those essentials of a school drawing-room, which are almost as inevitable as the girls found practising on the best piano,—gifts and specimens of old pupils' work, crude performances in water-colours and embroidery, mingled as they were here with old solid furniture and home comforts, only lent a certain air of youthful, hopeful aspiration to the room.

Miss Cayley was not alone, she had a guest who had till that morning been a stranger to her, and who had during their short acquaintance made anything save a favourable impression on Miss Cayley's mind.

Unlike Miss Cayley, this guest was a large handsome woman. She had imposingly prominent and regular features, and a complexion which was still clear, red and white—contrasting in its clearness with the blackness of her hair, unsilvered by a single white thread. It had better be said at once that, though the lady's large person had so far outgrown the slenderness of youth, there was nothing in the unfading bloom and the unblanched locks, to suggest the idea of artificial substitutes to supply the thefts of time. On the contrary, this was a perfectly genuine woman, whose unimpaired vitality, if it needed any explanation, suggested only the German proverb that weeds do not wither.

The stranger was dressed well, in deep mourning. The depth of her crape and the dimness of her silk did not, however, prevent her having an obvious consciousness of the perfectly satisfactory style of her dress, and of the person on which the dress was fitted. There was an occasional glance at the fall of her skirt and the smoothness of her glove, with a droop of the long eyelashes, and a delicate modulation of the mouth—all probably tricks of habit, which, under the circumstances, were peculiarly exasperating to Miss Cayley. These were the only outward signs—and it required an observant eye to detect them—of under breeding, having its origin in more or less latent narrowness and meanness of nature.

There was a pause in the conversation after the mistress of the house sent the message with the servant. Miss Cayley leant back in her chair with a sense of weariness from past fatigues and (brave woman as she was) from coming trials. She knit the already furrowed brow under her little lace cap, and looked as if she did not care to make an observation.

"Why should I speak and smooth away

difficulties for a woman who I am sure is going to behave with abominable heartlessness, and who, when her brother is just dead, and when she has come to tell his death to his daughters, whom she has never seen, can sit and rejoice in her elegant clothes and make faces?" thought Miss Cayley to herself.

Very probably she did not make sufficient allowance for a formal woman of the world who was not her own mistress, and who, besides an enforced subjection, had one ruling passion, and only one, which steeled her sternly for this morning's work. Miss Cayley was still saying to herself, "I am not a sentimental woman. I know that the girls and governesses think me a flint and tyrant, but I cannot conceive how a woman, a mother, as this Mrs. Wyndham has told me she is, can meet those poor girls, for the first time, as she has shown me she means to meet them, with the news which she brings to-day. She is afraid of a scene! there will be no scene; the poor things will be too startled, scared, and shocked; and Anne has a good deal of sense and self-control for her years, while Pleasance will not take it in just at once; but they will remember this April morning to their dying day."

Miss Cayley moved restlessly, and looked for relief out of the window, to the lawn which she liked so much for the very things which would have been offences in many people's eyes—the unkempt lush grass under the great plane-trees, the daises in the sunshine, the violets in the shade. But the lawn suggested no greater consolation to her than that such trials must be, even in the midst of God's sunshine; she could do nothing to prevent them; and she had troubles enough of her own at this time particularly.

All the while Mrs. Wyndham was nerving herself for the task which she had undertaken, by reflecting on what was to her its absolutely compulsory nature. "Wyndham would never consent to have it otherwise," she thought. "He has been disappointed as it is. I have suffered sufficiently from the consequences of poor Fred's folly; and I do not suffer alone;" and at this point of her reflections Mrs. Wyndham raised her head, and a flush of maternal pride, for the moment, kindled and softened the usual hard coldness of even the rounded outlines and fresh tints of her handsome face. "There are my boys and girls. It would have made some difference to Tom at Oxford, and to Nelly and Rica in their coming out,

if my brother had not wasted his portion, if he had lived quietly and economically, as we had the right to expect that a single man gone abroad to retrench and nurse his health would live. Instead, he has died the next thing to bankrupt, and for a legacy has left this undreamt-of affront and drag upon us;" and at the thought Mrs. Wyndham drew herself up and closed her mouth so that the natural curves of her lips were drawn tightly over her white teeth.

Though with ladylike reticence she held herself quite a different order of woman from the best and most capable school-mistress, yet, like Miss Cayley, she was not beyond explaining herself, and appealing to the other's sense of what was right and fitting, soliciting as it were sympathy and co-operation.

"My brother could not have intended to acknowledge these girls," said Mrs. Wyndham, with determined conviction, "else why should he not have made known their existence to those of his nearest relations with whom he was on perfectly good terms?"

"I cannot tell why he should not," answered Miss Cayley with a considerable spice of abruptness and stubbornness in her politeness, "since he married their mother and gave them his name."

"Oh, my brother was like no one else in many things," said Mrs. Wyndham, quickly; "and although there was a marriage, else, of course, I should not move in the matter, I have no doubt he was wheedled into it, and certainly he was ashamed of the whole connection."

As this assertion seemed proved beyond doubt, Miss Cayley remained passive, for once in her life, and did not try to dispute it.

"My brother was at my father's place, living alone with him for some months before he died," continued Mrs. Wyndham, hammering on at her foregone conclusion. "He was my father's favourite child, to whom he would have forgiven any offence at last—do you think that any man in his senses, who owned children that he meant to bring forward, would not have seized the opportunity to confess his low marriage and the existence of children in order to ask for such a provision as my father had it in his power to make for them?" asked Mrs. Wyndham, incredulously. "But no such appeal was made, and my father's will only left my brother his younger brother's portion, which he has since contrived to cast to the winds."

"All that I know," said Miss Cayley,

feeling as if she were driven to the wall and compelled to speak, "is that the late Mr. Hatton, after writing and asking if I could take his daughters and keep them with me entirely because their mother was dead and he was going abroad, brought them to me six years ago, and left them with the instructions that they should have the best education which I had it in my power to give. I understand that he has never returned to this country, but has died abroad. However, I am happy to tell you" — and there was a suspicion of malice in the assurance — "that the girls' board has been regularly paid; and that he wrote to them and they to him, at the stated intervals which are usually observed between a father and children who have been long separated."

"I have no doubt of my brother's acting honourably," said Mrs. Wyndham with some hauteur. As she was not an irritable, but rather an obtuse woman, however, she returned to the charge. "As to the judiciousness of his arrangements, that is quite a different thing. I have already told you he was peculiar in his ideas, while he could not stand up for them before the world: witness this wretched business of a private and low marriage, with children that none of his friends ever heard of! He was one of your half-way offenders, who bear heavier punishments, and are often really greater trials to their families than the out-and-out sinners."

"I understand you," said Miss Cayley, stiffly.

"But, about these girls," said Mrs. Wyndham. "Could they be qualified to become governesses? They must earn their bread in some way, and the sooner they begin the better. My brother has left little or nothing to his account here. Money always did slip through his fingers, and he had tried speculation within the last year or two in America. A desperate resource for such a man in such a place. I don't think that there is more money than might fit out the girls and set them up respectably in their station in life; for, Miss Cayley, I hold distinctly that they are only raised by education a grade or two above what must have been their mother's station. It is said that the husband's rank becomes the wife's, and I do not quarrel with the assertion in a general way; but my brother never acknowledged his wife openly, and there is no indication that she sought to be so acknowledged. As for his children, his conduct proved that he considered that it would be more consistent with their happiness to keep

them in a comparatively humble sphere, and I shall do nothing to interfere with his intentions. The ignorance in which he kept me of his private relations, gives me no more claim upon the girls than it gives them a claim upon me."

Miss Cayley was by no means so satisfied of what the dead man's intentions might have been, but she contented herself with putting in the questions —

"May I ask if you are the nearest relation to my pupils? if they have other relations?"

"On the father's side I am the nearest and almost the sole relation," admitted Mrs. Wyndham, "of my father's family; the elder son and the younger daughter, neither of whom were on terms with my brother Frederic, though they were not aware of his worst scrape, died unmarried soon after my father — there were only poor Fred and I left." Any softening which might be implied in the statement passed away in a moment, as Mrs. Wyndham added, "And you know that I am a married woman, and have a family of my own. In addition I may tell you frankly, that, although my father's landed and funded property thus unhappily all came to me, Mr. Wyndham's estate, which is in a hunting-county, was burdened, my husband has expensive habits and tastes, our establishment is necessarily a liberal one, we have needed all and more than all the money we have inherited. Nothing shall tempt me to rob my own children of the advantages which are their due, in order to make an uncalled-for provision for my brother's unacknowledged children."

Miss Cayley was hot all over, but she kept silence, though she fulfilled the condition of the Psalmist, in so far as her heart's burning within her was concerned.

Yet Mrs. Wyndham had an amount of reason on her side. It would doubtless have been hard upon her, with her lawful pretensions, her despotic spendthrift husband, her doted-on children, suddenly to be called upon to dispense bounty to poor relations, low-born on one side — orphan nieces — of whose very existence she had been unaware a month before. If she had only wielded her right to protest gently, and been merciful, not to say human, in the strait.

"I have no doubt that the girls could be governesses in time, as well as other girls," said Miss Cayley, after she had composed herself. "I think I may say that they have been well grounded. Anne retains all that she gets, and is thoughtful and steady. Pleasance is the cleverer, and

promises to develop almost exceptional ability, but she requires to settle down, and grow up and out, before much can be said of her yet." And Miss Cayley smiled a little, and sighed a little. She was considering Anne's pride and delicacy, and Pleasance's thoughtlessness and fire when roused, with the difficulties of governess life, even although Miss Cayley advocated work for women, and anything was better than dependence here.

"When I spoke of the girls being governesses," said Mrs. Wyndham quietly, "I meant from this date, as nursery-governesses, or *bonnes*, or something of that sort. As you say they have been six years with you, I am sure that ought to qualify them for all that need be required, above all since farther preparation is out of the question." And with this speech there was the inadvertent glance at the unexceptional lines of her jacket and gown, and the bland modulation of the mouth which had belonged to a beauty, and had already so annoyed Miss Cayley.

"It is out of the question," answered Miss Cayley, so curtly, thought her visitor, that for a schoolmistress she had a particularly bad manner. "Why, Anne is but fifteen, and Pleasance is little more than a child of thirteen. I do not approve of imposing responsibility on such juvenile teachers. I could not in conscience give them the recommendations which they should want from me, and as to keeping the girls here in that capacity, I do not require them, and their fellow-pupils are all too near them in age, for even Anne to have any authority. Besides, I have some idea in case of a—a call, which I fear from my only surviving relative, of giving up the school, that is, of selling the goodwill to my principal governess at a moment's notice." Miss Cayley's asperity was not lessened by the recollection of her own private trouble, but what really lent it the sharpest edge was the indignant consideration, "And the girls don't yet know that their father is dead!"

"Ah! indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham, with no show of interest in Miss Cayley's trouble. "Very well, we shall say nothing more about that just now," she added, not so much like a woman who yielded the point, as like a woman who, in her dignity, was too callous to dispute where nothing was likely to come of it. "I find by my late brother's papers, which have involved us in such a painful discovery, that these girls have some relation on the mother's side by the name of Balls."

"Mrs. Balls is the name of a house-

keeper in an empty farmhouse in Norfolk or Suffolk," said Miss Cayley. "The girls corresponded with her and went to see her once, as a cousin of their mother's."

"They had better go to her, she is the person who ought to have them," said Mrs. Wyndham.

"Here they are," said Miss Cayley, drawing a long breath, as steps sounded at the door.

CHAPTER II.

"BE QUICK, PLEASANCE, AND WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU."

THE message had to be carried to a schoolroom with benches, maps, globes, and books, its stereotyped order, which, with the union of bareness and cleanness would have had somewhat of a prison character, had it not been contradicted by little extravagant spurts of disorder, showing that the youthful are still more irrepressible than the criminal portion of society.

Two governesses, the one elderly and trained to tolerance and long-suffering, the other young and still divided between the ire and the severity of youth when it is conscientious, had been standing waiting for the last complement of a troop of girls, who were about to improve a fine spring half-holiday by a long country excursion.

The greater part of the girls had been standing also, in recognition of their superiors' attitude, at a respectful and convenient distance from the governesses; it had been but the laggards, usually the awkward squadron also, for whom there had been the delay.

Among the elder girls, whose various lighter woollen gowns and freshened prettier hats testified to their appreciation of the advancing season, and their gravitation to the budding period of woman's life, when neatness and individual taste begin to be a definite possession, stood Anne Hatton—a dark-haired, pale-complexioned, middle-sized, and slightly-made girl, who yet looked older than her years. Her face was decidedly pretty in a small-featured refined way, though it was deficient in the glow of youth; while it had none of that uncertainty of promise, which, while it may exist in actual defects that seriously mar the present harmony of a young girl's face and figure, has still a charm of its own in producing expectancy and unsatisfied curiosity.

Anne Hatton's promise was already in part fulfilled. The half-opened bud dis-

played exactly what the flower would be. This was a miniature woman, with a woman's earnestness, and scrupulous dutifulness, tenderness, and ambition in small.

We are apt to think of a miniature woman as being a baby, or girlish embodiment of vanity, affectation, and precocious worldliness; and no doubt Anne Hatton had, at fifteen, a fair growth of all the vanity, affectation, and worldliness of which she could ever be guilty, after the fashion of her sisters. But there are two lights, at least, in which to view women; and the higher womanly qualities, good and bad, ripen as soon in some instances as the lower,—the premature ripeness having the ordinary fate of what is, somehow, out of the course of nature, that of being exposed to extra hardship and suffering.

Anne Hatton had stood unable to join in the low-voiced conversation in which the elder girls were privileged to indulge in the presence of their governesses, as a court-circle may communicate in whispers round its sovereign. She had been fretting quietly because of her sister Pleasance being among the delinquents.

Anne was a pattern girl in her behaviour, but she could not rest, because Pleasance was not a pattern girl too. Anne was devoted to Pleasance, perhaps more so at this time than Pleasance was devoted to her. She was proud with an exceeding pride of Pleasance's cleverness and popularity. She prized and gloried in Pleasance's kindness and singleness of heart, but she would have had her heroine and darling immaculate. It was part of her own nature to be strictly accurate, punctual, methodical, and her unmixed school-life had in her case exaggerated these valuable adjuncts to character, till they threatened to beget a rigidity of character. Withal there was blended with her womanly fervour and tenacity the girlish demureness of an unbroken school-life, under a woman who was reasonable and good, and like all good women with the essence of motherliness in her, but who was still a schoolmistress, whose subordinates were naturally tenfold more schoolmistresses than herself. It hurt Anne like the commission of a wrong, to be confronted with slovenliness and disorder, and she positively writhed when Pleasance was habitually an offender under these heads.

Yet it was greatly owing to this that she was saved from the bann which, in school communities, is apt to fall on pattern girls or boys. The consciousness of Pleasance's

demerits, which rebounded on Anne with quite as much shame and remorse as if the demerits had been her own, modified the tendency to austerity in the elder sister, and at the same time furnished her with charity for other offenders. Thus Anne was not merely respected, which might have been supposed; she was liked, though in a different degree from Pleasance, at the Hayes, Miss Cayley's school.

"Miss Smith," said the younger governess, who blazed up at last, even to an attack on her superior and senior in command, "it is intolerable that we should be kept waiting like this. Are you to allow it any longer?"

"What can we do, Miss Eckhard?" Miss Smith had remonstrated mildly, speaking in an undertone, in answer to the protest which had been delivered aloud, and had startled the girls into silence.

"What can we do, Miss Smith?" Miss Eckhard had repeated with passionate distinctness, forgetting that she was thus exposing any weakness in the position. "Why, set out, of course, and leave those who are too late at home."

"But you forget, my dear," Miss Smith had persisted, with all the careful consideration of calm dulness, and speaking in her cautious undertone, "that they would be sure to fall into mischief, and require to have tasks set to them which we should be engaged all the evening in hearing. I do so want to write home, and to mend my *jupes*, and to practise that old-fashioned sonata of Clementi's which Miss Cayley was so pleased with."

"I should not mind for letters, or *jupes*, or sonatas," Miss Eckhard had cried, still audibly, "but I should not be put upon and treated impertinently by a set of girls."

Anne had heard it all, and felt as if she could sink into the earth on Pleasance's account. She had been not so much resentful (she was too just for that) as vexed in her soul that Pleasance should be to blame and in disgrace. Yet she instantly identified herself with Pleasance.

"Miss Smith, may I go and hurry Pleasance?" she had started forward imploringly, and having received a nod from the accommodating elder, had darted off before Miss Eckhard could interfere. She was to discharge her own obligations and bear her own sins.

As if it had been possible for an obligation which affected Pleasance not to reach to Anne, or as if Pleasance could suffer alone while Anne was there to suffer with her!

At the same time Anne had made up her mind, as she ran up the stairs quickly, but mindfully, to scold Pleasance roundly for getting the two into bad odour by her inveterate negligence.

"What are you about, Pleasance?" Anne had cried, in so sharp a voice that it had sounded like a wonderful imitation of Miss Cayley's, as she had entered the small dormitory which Miss Cayley had permitted the two sisters to have for their own bedroom and private apartment. "Do you know that Miss Smith and Miss Eckhard, and all the rest, are waiting? Do you mean to make us waste all the afternoon? Oh dear, I am distressed to think of it!"

"No, no! Never mind, Anne; it will all come right now that you are here," a contrite yet hopeful voice had come from a youthful body bent double over a chest of drawers, two of which stood open with the contents pulled about in the wildest confusion.

"It is my gloves, Anne, have gone a roving, and my veil has followed them, and Miss Eckhard says I am to wear a veil upon my hat because of my eyes, though I hate veils, and I do not understand how, if I do not see well without a veil, I am to see better with one. But there will be forfeits, and you know I cannot afford any more, else I shall lose all my best marks — not that I should mind so much, but you would, if I had not the prizes in literature and history. Do, like a kitten, look for me. Things come to you to be found. I have searched Eupatoria and Balaclava till I am out of breath, and I can see no more trace of the missing plagues than if they had been spirited away." And the searcher arose from her efforts, and sank exhausted on the top of a trunk.

"Pleasance, I wonder at you!" Anne had begun, even while she proceeded to dive promptly, as requested, into the heterogeneous mass, but not without the disgust of her orderly nature at the unmitigated disorder; "and don't call me a kitten — I won't have it," she had said by snatches, in the middle of her eager occupation. "Miss Cayley dislikes nicknames and silly pet-names, and this is so silly and inappropriate."

"Yes," Pleasance had granted reluctantly; "but kittens are so dreadfully nice. I know that you will say things cannot be at once dreadful and nice," Pleasance argued, taking to talking at her ease on her trunk; "but you are mistaken. Things are often dreadfully nice; there is no other

expression strong enough for them, since Miss Cayley frightened us all by saying that there was nothing awful save the day of judgment. I think Dean Swift called poor Stella a kitten; at least I am sure that it was he who wrote the dear little ditty —

Oh my kitten, my kitten, Oh my kitten, my darling!

"The more fool he, and never mind Dean Swift. What drawers! and I put them all in such excellent order for you only last week, that Miss Eckhard might look over them on Saturday."

Anne reproached Pleasance almost plaintively, so that Pleasance felt quite cut up, and mumbled disconsolately —

"I know it is a very bad return to you, Anne, but I cannot help it; they will go wrong."

"I think if you would be more serious, and leave off giving them those foolish names," sighed Anne, not wishing to discourage her sister further — indeed, already relenting at the sight and sound of Pleasance's humiliation.

"But they are so appropriate," Pleasance pled, "after what we read of the harbours during the Crimean war. You found fault with me just now for the inappropriateness of calling you a kitten — though you know you are a little like a grown-up pussy-cat, Anne, just a well-behaved, steady kind of a beast — but at least you cannot complain of my not hitting the mark in my comparison of the drawers."

The two sisters, dressed alike in grey camlet gowns and jackets, and with grey felt hats, bore little resemblance to each other. Pleasance at thirteen was as tall as Anne at fifteen, and promised in course of time to be the taller. She had already the bigger framework of a woman, out of proportion in this stage, and a little clumsy, particularly as it was angular and not rounded. Pleasance's hair was in colour that dusky brown which, when it is rumpled — its normal condition in her case — looks dusty; her complexion was muddled, though it was not coarse; her nose was a little thick, though tolerable in form; her mouth was full, with undecided lines; her eyes were a hazel grey, but had commenced to develop the blink of short sight; her low, broad forehead was partly concealed by her unruly hair and her hat. The best thing about her face was the fine round oval of the contour, and the bright, honest expression of the countenance.

"Here is the veil," Anne had ejaculated,

pulling a wisp of blue gauze from a gordin-knot of ribands and scarfs, "and I shall lend you a pair of gloves, and tell Miss Smith that I have done so, for we cannot stay any longer."

At that moment there was a brisk tap at the door, which was at once opened by the prim, sober housemaid, who announced—

"Please, Miss Hatton, Miss Cayley has sent to Miss Smith that she wishes you and Miss Pleasance in the drawing-room. Miss Smith says that you are to go straight to her, to be sent down-stairs."

Anne looked surprised, while she answered, "Very well, Elizabeth. Please tell Miss Smith we shall come immediately."

Pleasance stood convinced that her enormities in making away with gloves and veils had attained such an eminence that she was formally summoned before Miss Cayley to answer for them, while Anne was to be exposed to fresh mortification on her account.

In the mean time Anne, with light sleight-of-hand, was putting a finishing-touch of smoothness to her own smooth cuffs, gloves, and neck-tie, and preparing to do what she could in the briefest space of time to soften Pleasance's general roughness; but while she was not startled into forgetfulness of these offices, a little delicate colour was rising and increasing in her cheek, and a light coming into her grey eyes.

"Clara Anderson told me there was a visitor with Miss Cayley," she said; "it must be somebody for us."

"But who can it be, kit—Anne, seeing that we have nobody belonging to us except papa, and he is at New Orleans?" questioned Pleasance, not fairly aroused to this new light on the position, and at the same time awakening to the fear that she was to lose the half-holiday excursion after all. As she spoke she stood helplessly, but with a few twinges of discontent to be put to rights, very much like a young colt who is called upon to have the appearance of a well-conducted and cared-for horse, standing to be rubbed down.

"It may be somebody from papa—it may be papa himself," cried Anne, getting redder and redder, and with an ever-brightening light in her eyes, while she did not desist from making darts at the borrowed gloves on Pleasance's hands to button them, and at Pleasance's feet to see if her boots were as they should be.

"No, Anne, it cannot be," gasped Pleas-

ance, all aroused now, "he never said he was coming home just now."

Pleasance exhibited that singular sudden failure of imagination, which most imaginative people sometimes experience when their special faculty is all at once brought to bear on that practical life with which their fancy has not been wont to meddle.

"He may be going to surprise us, it is past our usual time of hearing from him," said Anne, running on as if she were the quick-witted sister, while the two were going down-stairs together, Pleasance stumbling and hanging back in what was to Anne an utterly unaccountable fashion.

"Stay a moment, Anne—it is so long since we have seen him, if it be papa—what are we to do or to say to him?" Pleasance besought Anne piteously, while a sudden horror of shyness met and struggled with the lingering childish fondness for her father; and she felt as if this unexpected meeting with him was a trial which she could not encounter.

"I cannot stay," Anne threw back with rare haste for her, and altogether unable to comprehend this phase of bashful misery and reluctance on Pleasance's part. "What shall we say? that we are only too glad and thankful that he is come safe home—I hope to stay—as to be sure we are."

It had been the cherished dream of Anne's life, this return of her father; she she had been little older than Pleasance when the father and children parted, and doubtless, in the nature of things, it was a wistful idealized memory, rather than the real father whom Anne had loved, but that shadow represented her father, and to that she had steadfastly clung.

Anne had not been unhappy at school, she was sensible of the school's advantages, and anxious to profit by them; but these were to enable her to play her part better when her father came home,—that was the goal of all.

Anne felt that papa ought to return, and take her and Pleasance to keep house for him. That would be much nicer than the isolated circumstances of the girls even with a friendly schoolmistress. In listening to the experiences of the other girls, this had jarred on and pained Anne still more than it had pained Pleasance, though it had been Pleasance who had sighed and pined the most for the variety and indulgence of home holidays. It was not more indulgences, it was more, if nearer and dearer duties, that Anne craved.

Anne had known enough to judge that her father was not a rich man, that he had not a profession or business which might make him a rich man some day, that he was a voluntary wanderer, somehow separated from his family, a fact which, as their mother had possessed few relations in her humble station, had left his daughters almost without friends. But he was all the more hers and Pleasance's, and as fifteen is hardly ever without an imagination of some kind, Anne had conjured up many a pleasant vision of the household that was to be.

It might be a quiet simple household, but it should be so well ordered, so becoming a true gentleman and his daughters (for Anne was as largely endowed with pride as Pleasance was destitute of it), so different from the vulgar profusion and excess of which Maria Hollis was given to boast, as existing in her father's house.

Pleasance was by no means sure that she was glad and thankful for her father's return, at this moment, though she hoped that she would be the moment the ordeal of their meeting was over. At present she was not sure that she should know him when she saw him; and withal there crossed her mind an inopportune regret for the loss of the country excursion.

Anne did not much care for country excursions, she was delicate and easily fatigued. To her, long walking parties—in April weather above all—meant, among other things, muddy roads, soiled skirts, and weariness for the rest of the day.

But this was just the sort of pleasure that Pleasance doted on, it was better than being one of the draft of pupils, promoted into drinking tea in the drawing-room with Miss Cayley, though Pleasance was, wonderful to relate, fond of Miss Cayley; it was better than a working party, better than charades or toffee-making, better even than a new book, whether prize or gift. And this excursion was to have skirted Covey Wood, and Pleasance had been so hugging herself with the wild daffodils which were to be gathered in the meadows there, and the squirrels and hedgehogs which were to be seen in the wood. It was not the real daffodils so much that Pleasance coveted, it was a dim yellow glory of Shakespeare's daffodils scenting the winds of March with beauty, and Herrick's daffodils fading away so soon, which had taken possession of the poetry-haunted girl's fancy. But it was the real squirrels and hedgehogs,

for along with her intellectual bent Pleasance had the extravagant love of animals which is oftener found in schoolboys than in schoolgirls. It was not doomed to die of inanition, Miss Cayley's being a country school, and Miss Cayley herself being at least as broad as she was sharp in her theory and practice. Pleasance was allowed to cultivate a warm friendship with the house-dog, and with sundry cats and caged birds; but Miss Cayley did object to a hatch of rabbits to be fed and tended, and to mice kept in a box in the tool-house, so that Pleasance, for extending her acquaintance in the animal kingdom, had to depend on such walks as this to Covey Wood.

The two girls had passed muster before Miss Smith, and had been told that they would do, and might go in to Miss Cayley, but Miss Smith could not promise to wait for them."

"Be quick, Pleasance, and we'll wait," whispered some of the younger girls to whom the withdrawal of Pleasance, with her quips and cranks, and stories to lighten the road, was a grievous prospect. "There is a shower coming, and we must wait for that now, and, besides, neither Ellen Millar nor Amy Worsley are down yet."

In the prospect which ought to have been such a happy one, and was yet for the moment so alarming as it lay before her, Pleasance could not take much comfort from the friendly assurance, and Anne for the first time was unsympathetic. Anne had so often rehearsed what she was to do when her father came home, that the rehearsal remained at her finger-ends and the tip of her tongue.

Pleasance glanced out of the hall windows as she and Anne passed through to the drawing-room. A cloud was over the sky, but it was an April cloud with silvery light on its fringes, with the blue sky doubly blue and fresh and spring-like beyond. It seemed to Pleasance as if she could almost smell the daffodils, and hear the rustling of the boughs upon which the squirrels sprang, and beneath which the hedgehogs scuttled, when Anne turned the handle of the door, and the two girls were in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER III.

"YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU."

ANNE looked eagerly before her. Pleasance lifted her dazzled eyes from the ground. There was no tall, prematurely

grey-haired man with restless movements, and a face like Pleasance's. There was no one with Miss Cayley save a large handsome woman in deep mourning, who stared stonily at the girls without rising for a moment, as she reflected that the elder was too pretty by half, and the younger looked too like an over-grown child, which was exactly what Pleasance did look at that moment.

"My dears," said Miss Cayley, "here is an aunt of yours whom you have not seen."

Miss Cayley rarely called her pupils dears, and never before their friends; but, though it may be that a schoolmistress should be equal to any occasion, she was put out at this moment, and she said "dears" in a spirit of contradiction, and blurted out the relationship with a sense of savage satisfaction.

The moment after Miss Cayley had spoken, she felt that she had done wrong, though she did not know very well what else she could have said. She had better not have spoken at all than have made this speech. To prevent herself from working further harm which would come back upon the girls, she quitted the room, and left the aunt and nieces to have their meeting in private. She halted in the hall, thinking of the communication that was to be made, and wishing to be at hand. She had said to herself there would be no scene; but Anne Hatton was delicate, and Pleasance was very young, and she was not of opinion that Mrs. Wyndham could spare the girls, even if she would. What if Anne fainted, or Pleasance cried aloud? But a few moments passed, and there was neither sound of dull fall nor sharp cry, and Miss Cayley's mind was set at rest so far.

"As we have not seen each other before, we cannot be very familiar, can we?" asked Mrs. Wyndham languidly, rising, taking a step forward, and touching the girls' hands with her gloved fingers. "Pray, sit down, I wish to talk to you."

Pleasance was still occupied with her half-relief, half-disappointment. She really believed that disappointment preponderated now at not finding her strange father, otherwise her stately, handsome aunt in the deep mourning would have made a strong impression upon her. Whether she would have appreciated the peculiarity of that aunt's manner, was another question; for there were some things in which Pleasance was as slow and far back, as she was quick and far forward in others.

But Anne felt the peculiarity at once

and keenly. With more capacity for piecing together the portions of their father's and mother's history with which she was acquainted than Pleasance possessed, Anne knew instinctively that there was something wrong. The acquisition of colour with which she had entered the room faded so fast as to add to Mrs. Wyndham's other vexed considerations the additional annoyance, "She is sickly too."

"I beg your pardon," said Anne, not sitting down, and with a great effort to check her agitation, "but have you brought us a message from papa?"

The question thrilled even through Mrs. Wyndham.

"Not exactly," she said, hesitating a little; "but you must have almost forgotten your father, since it seems you were quite children when he left England."

"Forgotten papa!" exclaimed Anne, as annoyed as she was indignant. "Why, Pleasance, who is two years younger than I, can remember him perfectly."

Pleasance felt a little guilty. Such a big wonderful world had begun to open upon her, since she was the little girl of seven years, whom her father had led by the hand, to whom he had given donkey-rides and sugarplums, and who had run crying to the door after him, and sobbed herself to sleep though her doll was in her arms, on the night of the day on which he had bidden them good-bye. But happily she was not called upon to speak and admit her sin of memory.

"And we have been constantly hearing from papa, and looking for his coming home," continued Anne, feeling that she was maintaining both his dignity and her own by asserting the strength and constancy of the relation.

"But still it cannot be the same feeling," insisted Mrs. Wyndham. "I wish you would sit down when I require you," she said, in parenthesis, and the girls, used to obedience, sat down in their bewilderment and sense of offence. "It cannot be the same feeling to you as to girls who have been with their fathers every day of their lives to hear what I need not say is the will of God, and must be submitted to, that your poor father has been taken from you."

Pleasance gave a great start, gasp, and shiver; a moment ago she had not wished to see her father, and now she was told that she was never to see him again.

The last particle of colour ebbed in a second from Anne's face, leaving her poor lips white, but she did not faint; she re-

covered herself with a womanly protest of incredulous anguish, "Not dead, surely not dead, only very ill, I can go to him and nurse him."

"He died at New Orleans, six weeks ago," Mrs. Wyndham went on with her task calmly, satisfied that she had been right and was now reassured by the satisfaction — these unacknowledged, boarded-away children had not had much to do with their father, and could not mourn him acutely — and neither had shed a tear as yet. "The death was sudden; your father was saved much pain; I have brought the letter which conveyed the particulars to me, or rather to my husband; here it is," and Mrs. Wyndham drew the thin dark-blue sheet in its envelope from her pocket. "You may have it, if you please; as to your having gone to nurse him — had he suffered from a long illness — at your age, what with the distance and the expense of the journey, it would have been out of the question."

"Has papa left nothing for us?" inquired Anne piteously, holding the offered letter unopened.

"I believe your father has left very little money," answered Mrs. Wyndham, coldly, "he had almost spent his patrimony;" while she made the silent commentary, "It is better that they should be apprised of their penniless position at once. But how race will come out! What a vulgarly calculating, and sordid inquiry from a girl of fifteen, who has just learnt that she is fatherless!"

"I did not mean that, I do not care for money," cried Anne, desperately. "But was there no letter, no word for us?"

"No, and it was not likely that there should have been," Mrs. Wyndham replied, not caring to have her disparaging conclusion removed, and not quite believing in the explanation. "Your father had no reason to apprehend his death; besides, he was never a foreseeing man. As to your not caring for money, that is an ignorant speech, apt to be insincere, even from a girl; however, let it pass just now. You seem able to investigate matters; I do not object to that, there is nothing more desirable for you than self-reliance. Anne Hatton — I think Anne is your Christian name? — I had better speak plainly to you. I have come a long distance at great inconvenience, to see you and tell you of your father's death, and settle matters;" and as Mrs. Wyndham named the exertions and sacrifices which she had accomplished, a sense of virtue fortified her still further, and she was so

entirely herself again, after the slight disturbance she had sustained, that she could cast down her eyes on the faultless style of her sleeve, and make the bland modulation of her lips, while Anne sat sick and stunned with the shock which had come upon her.

"When my poor brother, your father," went on Mrs. Wyndham, "married your mother, against whom I have not a word to say, as I never saw her or even heard of her existence till the other day, he chose to take his wife from a class much below his own, and he did not think fit to make his family acquainted with his marriage. The first information which we had of it was from the certificate of his marriage and the registers of your and your sister's births, which were discovered and forwarded to us amongst his papers. The consequence is this very awkward situation." Mrs. Wyndham uttered the last words with emphasis, and then paused.

Anne heard dully; a certain explanation of a state of affairs that she had only known partially, and which had puzzled her, reached her mind through her misery; but she could not, even when she was conscious that an aspersion was cast upon her father, raise her voice and justify him.

Mrs. Wyndham was not displeased with the effect of her plain speaking; she thought the girl was going, after all, to be submissive and easily managed.

"You must be aware that under the circumstances, you have very little claim upon me and my husband; but we shall do what we can for you and your sister — that is, in laying out your money, a few hundred pounds, to put you in a position in which you may become independent. In the mean time I think you had better leave the school at once. I understand that you have a relation of whom you do know something, named Balls. I should like you to go to her."

At the conclusion of this speech, as Anne listened, white and cold and still — as if she were frozen — as if it had been she that had been struck dead in the midst of life — something of a wild, appalled look came into her fixed eyes; yet she said nothing, her readiness in the most untoward circumstances which she had known, or could have anticipated, utterly forsook her when chaos was come and she was called on to face undreamt-of disaster.

With that silence of Anne's another marvel came to pass — Pleasance, who had never spoken in a difficulty before,

spoke now for herself and Anne also. She was sitting with large tears coursing down her face, but with a quietness in her crying which might have struck Mrs. Wyndham—if she had been really observant or susceptible to other than her preconceived notions—quite as much as the circumstance of neither of the girls having cried at all on the first announcement of their father's death.

"Oh, yes, Anne," said Pleasance, "let us go to Mrs. Balls; she is always at home, and will be pleased to have us, and then we can see what we shall do."

In the midst of her dumb distress, it was to Anne, who had been accustomed to regard Pleasance—the cleverest girl of her age at school—as a baby when removed from her lessons and her books, very much what it must have been to the old Roman citizens when Brutus spoke in the emergency of the state, no longer with the voice of an inspired idiot, but of a rational man and born leader—the one who intuitively, by the right of his nature, comes to the front and takes the lead when the blow strikes.

Still Anne was silent—"sulky," conjectured Mrs. Wyndham. But silence gives consent, even if the other girl had not spoken for the two.

So Mrs. Wyndham, without more ado, sent for Miss Cayley, and announced that the girls were to leave the Hayes directly; indeed, as a fly was waiting to carry her back to the station, and as that station happened to be a railway junction, with a line which led to the eastern counties, among lines in other directions, she thought it would be safer for her to take the girls—she had not once called them her nieces—with her, and see them so far on their way to their mother's relations. When Mrs. Wyndham completed this arrangement, she felt her behaviour to be so exemplary, that virtue could ask nothing farther from her.

Miss Cayley demurred at first, as far as was in her power. She expressed her perfect willingness to keep the girls with her for some time. She let Mrs. Wyndham clearly understand that the school-terms were all paid in advance, and that the Misses Hatton's term was not out. Under the stress of her feelings, Miss Cayley would even have extended her hospitality to Mrs. Wyndham, and begged her to stay at least over one night, till the girls had recovered from the first shock of her melancholy tidings.

But no. When Mrs. Wyndham had made up her mind, she adhered to her de-

cision; she had got matters in fair train, her *coup de main* had been as yet wonderfully successful, and she did not know what revolt and reassertion of old views to-morrow might bring, and she had a long way to return to Sufton Hall. The family were going up to town for the season, but in the first place she wished to take her daughters to the seaside for a week, as on account of the affliction in the family, they had lost their Easter holidays—and so she had not a moment to spare.

"Please, Miss Cayley," whispered Pleasance, "I think we had better go at once. I think it would be worse if we stayed a little longer."

Was it Pleasance who spoke? Miss Cayley was confused and excited, what with these girls' misfortunes and her own trouble. On second thoughts, she was not astonished that it was Pleasance who had found voice, though it brought the moisture to eyes which had been too busy for many a year to have leisure for idle sentimental weeping, to distinguish that the crisis in the girl's life had come in such a fashion. But young oracles were not always the blindest and most blundering; it might be easier for the girls not to meet their companions in their changed circumstances. Miss Cayley herself might be gone within another week; so she undertook to pack up the Hattons' clothes and books, and send them after the girls, and to make their farewells to the rest of the house.

As Pleasance left the drawing-room following Anne who had let others settle for her, and who was walking totteringly, Pleasance glanced again out of the hall-windows. Why did she do it? What did it matter now whether the sun shone or the rain fell? She should go on no more country excursions from the Hayes. The daffodils, squirrels, and hedgehogs seemed already removed so far away, that they might have been withered and scentless skeletons and dust these hundred years. The girls would have had to wait long indeed if they had kept their promise and waited for her. It was not they who had left her, but she who had left them forever behind.

Pleasance searched for and got a little carriage-bag, which was the sisters' property; she remembered about taking their night-dresses and put them in it for herself and Anne. She swallowed the wine which Miss Cayley brought her, and made Anne swallow her wine. She said, "Now, Anne!" and marshalled Anne down-stairs, and bade "good-bye" for the two to the

wondering servants, as if she had taken care of Anne, and not Anne had taken care of her, all the years of her life. She did not break down even when Miss Cayley said, "God bless you, child," and whispered into her ear, not into Anne's, "Remember, if I can ever do anything for you, I shall be glad to do it."

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THE MYTH OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

BY WALTER H. PATER.

THE stories of the Greek mythology, like other things which belong to no man, and for which no one in particular is responsible, had their fortunes. In this world of floating fancies there was a struggle for life; there were myths which never emerged from that first state of popular conception, or were absorbed by stronger competitors, because, as some true heroes have done, they lacked the sacred poet or prophet, and were never remodelled by literature; while out of the myth of Demeter, cared for by art and poetry, came the little pictures of the Homeric hymn, and the gracious imagery of Praxiteles. The myth has now entered its second or poetical phase then, in which more definite fancies are grouped about the primitive stock in a literary temper, and the whole interest settles round the images of the beautiful girl going down into the darkness, and the weary woman who seeks her lost daughter; divine persons, then sincerely believed in by the majority of the people. The Homeric hymn is the central monument of this second phase. In it, the changes of the natural year have become a personal history, a story of human affection and sorrow, yet with a far-reaching religious significance also, of which the mere earthly spring and autumn are but an analogy; and in the development of this human element, the writer of the Homeric hymn sometimes displays a genuine power of pathetic expression. The whole episode of the rearing of Demophoon, in which human longing and regret are blent so subtly, over the poor body of the dying child, with the mysterious design of the goddess to make the child immortal, is an excellent example of the sentiment of pity in literature. Yet though it has reached the stage of literary interpretation, much of the early mystical character still lingers about the story, as it is here told. Later mythologists simply

define the personal history; but in this hymn we may again and again trace curious links of connection with the original meaning of the myth. Its subject is the weary woman indeed, the *mater dolorosa* of the ancient world, but with a certain latent reference all through to the mystical person of the earth. Her robe of dark blue is the raiment of her mourning, but, also the blue robe of the earth in shadow, as we see it in Titian's landscapes; her great age is the age of the immemorial earth; she becomes a nurse, therefore, holding Demophoon in her bosom; the folds of her garment are fragrant, not merely with the incense of Eleusis, but with the natural scents of flowers and fruit. The sweet breath with which she nourishes the child Demophoon, is the warm west wind, feeding all germs of vegetable life; her bosom, where he lies, is the bosom of the earth, with its strengthening heat, reserved and shy, and angry if human eyes scrutinize too closely its secret chemistry; it is with the earth's surface of varied colour that she has "in time past pleased the sun;" the yellow hair which falls suddenly over her shoulders, at her transformation in the house of Celeus, is still partly the golden corn — in art and poetry she is ever the blond goddess; tarrying in her temple, of which an actual hollow in the earth is the prototype, among the spicy odours of the Eleusinian ritual, she is the spirit of the earth, lying hidden in its dark folds until the return of spring, among the flower-seeds and fragrant roots, like the seeds and aromatic woods hidden in the wrappings of the dead. All through the poem we have a sense of a certain nearness to nature, surviving from an earlier world; the sea is understood as a person, yet is still the real sea, with its waves moving. When it is said that no bird gave Demeter tidings of Persephone, we feel that to that earlier world, ways of communication between all creatures may have seemed open, which are closed to us. It is Iris who brings to Demeter the message of Zeus; that is, the rainbow signifies to the earth the good-will of the rainy sky towards it. Persephone springing up with great joy from the couch of Aidoneus, to return to her mother, is the sudden outburst of the year. The heavy and narcotic aroma of spring flowers hangs about her, as about the actual spring. And this mingling of the primitive import of the myth with the later personal interests of the story, is curiously illustrated by the place which the poem assigns to Hecate. This

strange Titaness is first a nymph only; afterwards, as if changed incurably by the passionate cry of Persephone, she becomes her constant attendant, and is even identified with her. But in the Homeric hymn her lunar character is clear; she is really the moon only, who hears the cry of Persephone, as the sun saw her, when Aidoneus carried her away. One morning, as the mother wandered, the moon appeared, as it does in its last quarter, rising very bright, just before dawn; that is, "on the tenth morning Hecate met her, having a light in her hands." The fascinating, but enigmatical figure, "sitting ever in her cave, half-veiled with a shining veil, thinking delicate thoughts," in which we seem to see the subject of some picture of the Italian Renaissance, is the lover of Endymion, like Persephone, withdrawn, in her season, from the eyes of men. The sun saw her; the moon saw her not, but heard her cry, and is ever after the half-veiled attendant of the queen of the dead and of dreams.

But the story of Demeter and Persephone lends itself naturally to description, and it is in descriptive beauties that the Homeric hymn excels; its episodes are finished designs, and directly stimulate the painter and the sculptor to a rivalry with them. Weaving the names of the flowers into his verse, names familiar to us in English, though their Greek originals are uncertain, the writer sets Persephone before us, herself like one of them — *καλὴ κούρῃς* — like the budding calyx of a flower — in a picture, which in its mingling of a quaint freshness and simplicity with a certain earnestness, reads like a description of some early Florentine design, such as Sandro Botticelli's "Allegory of the Seasons." By an exquisite chance also, a common metrical expression connects the perfume of the newly created narcissus with the salt odour of the sea. Like one of those early designs again, but with a deeper infusion of religious earnestness, is the picture of Demeter sitting at the wayside, in shadow as always, with the well of water and the olive-tree. She has been journeying all night, and now it is morning, and the daughters of Celeus bring their vessels to draw water. That image of the seated Demeter, resting after her long flight "through the dark continent," or in the house of Celeus, when she refuses the red wine, or again, solitary, in her newly finished temple of Eleusis, enthroned in her grief, fixed itself deeply on the Greek imagination, and became a favourite sub-

ject of Greek artists. When the daughters of Celeus came to conduct her to Eleusis, they came as in a Greek frieze, full of energy and motion and waving lines, but with gold and colours upon it. Eleusis — coming — the *coming* of Demeter thither, as thus told in the Homeric hymn, is the central instance in Greek mythology of such divine appearances. "She leaves for a season the company of the gods and abides among men," and men's merit is to receive her in spite of appearances. Metaneira and others in the Homeric hymn partly detect her divine character; they find a *χάρμς*, a certain divine air about her, which makes them think her perhaps a royal person in disguise. She becomes in her long wanderings almost wholly humanized, and in return, she and Persephone, alone of the Greek gods, seem to have been the objects of a sort of personal love and loyalty. Yet they are ever the solemn goddesses, *θεαὶ σεμναί*, the word expressing religious awe, the Greek sense of the divine presence.

Plato, in laying down the rules by which the poets are to be guided in speaking about divine things to the citizens of the ideal republic, forbids all those episodes of mythology which represent the gods as assuming various forms, and visiting the earth in disguise. Below the express reasons which he assigns for this rule, we may perhaps detect that instinctive antagonism to the old Heraclitean philosophy of perpetual change, which forces him, in his theory of morals and the state, of poetry and music, of dress and manners even, and of style in the very vessels and furniture of daily life, on an austere simplicity, the older Dorian or Egyptian type of a rigid, eternal immobility. The disintegrating, centrifugal influence, which had penetrated, as he thought, political and social existence, making men too myriaminded, had laid hold on the life of the gods also, and, even in their calm sphere, one might hardly identify a single divine person as himself, and not another. There must then be no doubling, no disguises, no stories of transformation. The modern reader, however, will hardly acquiesce in this improvement of Greek mythology. He finds in these stories, like that, for instance, of the appearance of Athene to Telemachus, in the first book of the *Odyssey*, which has a quite biblical mysticity and solemnity, stories in which, the hard material outline breaking up, the gods lay aside their visible form like a garment, and remain themselves, not the least spiritual element of Greek religion, an evidence of

the sense in them of unseen presences, which might at any moment cross a man's path, to be recognized, in half disguise, by the more delicately trained eye, here or there, by one and not by another. Whatever religious elements they lacked, they had at least this sense of remote and subtler ways of personal presence.

We have to travel a long way from the Homeric hymn to the hymn of Callimachus, who writes in the end of Greek literature, in the third century before Christ, in celebration of the procession of the sacred basket of Demeter, not at the Attic, but at the Alexandrian Eleusinia. He develops, in something of the prosaic spirit of a mediæval writer of mysteries, one of the burlesque incidents of the story, the insatiable hunger which seized on Erysichthon because he cut down a grove sacred to the goddess. Yet he finds his opportunities for skilful touches of poetry. "As the four white horses draw her sacred basket," he says, "so will the great goddess bring us a *white* spring, a *white* summer." He describes the grove itself, with its hedge of trees, so thick that an arrow could hardly pass through, its pines and fruit-trees and tall poplars within, and the water, like pale gold, running from the conduits. It is one of those famous poplars that receives the first stroke; it sounds heavily to its companion trees, and Demeter perceives that her sacred grove is suffering. Then comes one of those transformations which Plato will not allow. Vainly anxious to save the lad from his ruin, she appears in the form of a priestess, but with the long hood of the goddess, and the poppy in her hand; and there is something of a real shudder, some still surviving sense of a haunting presence among the trees, in the verses which describe her sudden revelation, when the workmen flee away, leaving their axes in the cleft trees.

Of the same age as the hymn of Callimachus, but with very different qualities, is the idyll of Theocritus on "The Shepherds' Journey." Although it is possible to define an epoch in mythological development in which literary and artificial influences began to remodel the primitive, popular legend, yet still, among children, and unchanging childlike people, we may suppose that that primitive stage always survived, and the old instinctive influences were still at work. As the subject of popular religious celebrations also, the myth was still the property of the people, and surrendered to its capricious action. The shepherds in Theocritus, on their way to celebrate one of the more homely feasts of

Demeter, about the time of harvest, are examples of these childlike people; the age of the poets has long since come, but they are of the older and simpler order, lingering on in the midst of a more conscious world. In an idyll, itself full of the delightful gifts of Demeter, Theocritus sets them before us; through the blazing summer day's journey, the smiling image of the goddess is always before them. And now they have reached the end of their journey:—

"So I, and Eucritus, and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines, strewn on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us; in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum-trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit. The wax, four years old, was loosed from the heads of the wine-jars. O nymphs of Castalia, who dwell on the steep of Parnassus, tell me, I pray you, was it a draught like this that the aged Chiron placed before Hercules, in the stony cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that made the mighty shepherd on Anapus' shore, Polyphemus, who flung the rocks upon Ulysses' ships, dance among his sheepfolds?—A cup like this ye poured out now upon the altar of Demeter, who presides over the threshing-floor. May it be mine once more to thrust my big winnowing-fan through her heaps of corn; and may I see her smile upon me, holding poppies and handfuls of corn in her two hands!"

Some of the modifications of the story of Demeter, as we find it in later poetry, have been supposed to be due, not to the genuine action of the Greek mind, but to the influence of that so-called Orphic literature, which, in the generation succeeding Hesiod, brought from Thessaly and Phrygia a tide of mystical ideas into the Greek religion, sometimes, doubtless, confusing the clearness and naturalness of its original outlines, but also sometimes im-

parting to them a new and peculiar grace. Under the influence of this Orphic poetry, Demeter was blended, or identified, with Rhea Cybele, the mother of the gods, the wilder earth-goddess of Phrygia; and the romantic figure of Dionysus Zagreus, Dionysus the Hunter, that most interesting, though somewhat melancholy variation on the better-known Dionysus, was brought, as son or brother of Persephone, into her circle, the mystical vine, who, as Persephone descends and ascends from the earth, is rent to pieces by the Titans every year and remains long in Hades, but every spring-time comes out of it again, renewing his youth. This identification of Demeter with Rhea Cybele is the motive which has inspired a beautiful chorus in the "Helena," the new "Helena," of Euripides, that great lover of all subtle refinements and modernisms, who, in this play, has worked on a strange version of the older story, which relates that only the phantom of Helen had really gone to Troy, herself remaining in Egypt all the time, at the court of King Proteus, where she is found at last by her husband Menelaus. The chorus has even less than usual to do with the action of the play, being linked to it only by a sort of parallel which may be understood between Menelaus seeking Helen, and Demeter seeking Persephone. Euripides then takes the matter of the Homeric hymn into the region of a higher and swifter poetry, and connects them with the more stimulating imagery of the Idæan mother. The Orphic mysticism or enthusiasm has been admitted into the story, which is now full of excitement, the motion of rivers, the sounds of the Bacchic cymbals heard over the mountains, as Demeter wanders among the woody valleys seeking her lost daughter, all directly expressed in the vivid Greek words. Demeter is no longer the subdued goddess of the quietly-ordered fields, but the mother of the gods, who has her abode in the heights of Mount Ida, who presides over the dews and waters of the white springs, whose flocks feed, not on grain, but on the curling tendrils of the vine, both of which she withholds in her anger, and whose chariot is drawn by wild beasts, fruit and emblem of the earth in its fiery strength. Not Hecate, but Pallas and Artemis in full armour, swift-footed, vindicators of chastity, accompany her in her search for Persephone, who is already expressly, *καὶ ἄρρητος*. When she rests from her long wanderings, it is into the stony thickets of Mount Ida, deep with snow,

that she throws herself, in her deep grief. When Zeus desires to end her pain, the muses and the solemn graces are sent to dance and sing before her. It is then that Cypris, the goddess of beauty, and the original cause, therefore, of her distress, takes into her hands the brazen tambourines of the Dionysiac worship with their Chthonian or deep-noted sound; and it is she, not the old Iambe, who with this wild music, heard thus for the first time, makes Demeter smile at last. "Great," so the chorus ends with a picture, "great is the power of the stoles of spotted fawn-skins, and the green leaves of ivy twisted about the sacred wands, and the wheeling motion of the tambourine whirled round in the air, and the long hair floating unbound in honour of Bromius, and the nocturnes of the goddess, when the moon looks full upon them."

The poem of Claudian on "The Rape of Proserpine," the longest extant work connected with the story of Demeter, yet itself unfinished, closes the world of classical poetry. Writing in the fourth century of the Christian era, Claudian has his subject before him in the whole extent of its various development, and also profits by those many pictorial representations of it, which, from the famous picture of Polygnotus downwards, delighted the ancient world. His poem, then, besides having an intrinsic charm, is valuable for some reflection in it of those lost works, being itself pre-eminently a work in colour and excelling in a kind of painting in words, which brings its subject very pleasantly almost to the eye of the reader. The mind of this late votary of the old gods, in a world rapidly changing, is crowded by all the beautiful forms generated by mythology, and now about to be forgotten. In this after-glow of Latin literature, lighted up long after their fortune had set, and just before their long night began, they pass before us in his verses with the utmost clearness, like the figures in an actual procession. The nursing of the infant sun and moon by Tethys; Proserpine and her companions gathering flowers at early dawn when the violets are drinking in the dew, still lying white upon the grass; the image of Pallas winding the peaceful blossoms about the steel crest of her helmet; the realm of Proserpine, softened somewhat by her coming, and filled with a quiet joy; the matrons of Elysium crowding to her marriage toilet, with the bridal veil of yellow in their hands; the Manes crowned with ghostly flowers and warmed a little at the

marriage-feast; the ominous dreams of the mother; the desolation of the home, like an empty bird's-nest or an empty fold, when she returns and finds Proserpine gone, and the spider at work over her unfinished embroidery; the strangely-figured raiment, the flowers in the grass, which were once blooming youths, having borh their natural colour and the colour of their poetry in them, and the clear little fountain there, which was once the maiden Cyane; all this is shown in a series of descriptions, like the designs in some unwinding tapestry, like Proserpine's own embroidery, the description of which is the most brilliant of these pictures, and, in its quaint confusion of the images of philosophy with those of mythology, anticipates something of the fancy of the Italian Renaissance.

"Proserpina, filling the house soothingly with her low song, was working a gift against the return of her mother, with labour all to be in vain. In it she marked out with her needle the houses of the gods and the series of the elements, showing by what law, nature, the parent of all, settled the strife of ancient times, and the seeds of things departed into their right places; the lighter elements are borne aloft, the heavier fall to the centre; the air grows light with heat, a blazing light whirls round with the firmament; the sea flows; the earth hangs suspended in its place. And there were divers colours in it; she illuminated the stars with gold, infused a purple shade into the water, and heightened the shore with gems of flowers; and under her skilful hand the threads, with their inwrought luster, swell up, in momentary counterfeit of the waves; you might think that the sea-wind flapped against the rocks, and that a hollow murmur came creeping over the thirsty sands. She puts in the five zones, marking with a red ground the midmost zone, possessed by burning heat; its outline was parched and stiff; the threads seemed thirsty with the constant sunshine; on either side lay the two zones proper for human life, where a gentle temperance reigns; and at the extremes she drew the twin zones of numbing cold, making her work dun and sad with the hues of perpetual frost. She paints in, too, the sacred places of Dis, her father's brother, and the Manes, so fatal to her; and an omen of her doom was not wanting; for, as she worked, as if with foreknowledge of the future, her face became wet with a sudden burst of tears. And now, in the utmost border of the tissue, she had begun to wind in the

wavy line of the river Oceanus, with its glassy shallows; but the door sounds on its hinges, and she perceives the goddesses coming; the unfinished work drops from her hands, and a ruddy blush lights up in her clear and snow-white face."

I have reserved to the last what is perhaps the daintiest treatment of this subject in classical literature, the account of it which Ovid gives in the *Fasti*, a kind of Roman calendar, for the seventh of April, the day of the games of Ceres. He tells over again the old story, with much of which, he says, the reader will be already familiar; but he has something also of his own to add to it, which the reader will hear for the first time; and like one of those old painters who, in depicting a scene of Christian history, drew from their own fancy or experience its special setting and accessories, he translates the story into something very different from the Homeric hymn. The writer of the Homeric hymn had made Celeus a king, and represented the scene at Eleusis in a fair palace, like the Venetian painters who depict the persons of the holy family with royal ornaments. Ovid, on the other hand, is more like certain painters of the early Florentine school, who represent the holy persons among the more touching circumstances of humble life; and the special something of his own which he adds, is a pathos caught from homely things, not without a delightful, just perceptible, shade of humour even, so rare in such work. All the mysticism has disappeared; but instead we trace something of that "worship of sorrow," which has been sometimes supposed to have had no place in classical religious sentiment. In Ovid's well-finished elegiacs, the Anthology reaches its utmost delicacy; but I give here the following episode for the sake of its pathetic expression.

"After many wanderings Ceres had come to Attica. There, in the utmost dejection, for the first time, she sat down to rest on a bare stone, which the people of Attica still call the *stone of sorrow*. For many days she remained there motionless, under the open sky, heedless of the rain and of the frosty moonlight. Places have their fortunes; and what is now the illustrious town of Eleusis was then the field of an old man named Celeus. He was carrying home a load of acorns, and wild berries shaken down from the brambles, and dry wood for burning on the hearth; his little daughter was leading two goats home from the hills; and at home there was a little boy lying sick in his cradle.

'Mother,' said the little girl—and the goddess was moved at the name of mother—'what do you, all alone in this solitary place?' The old man stopped too, in spite of his heavy burden, and bade her take shelter in his cottage, though it was but a little one. But at first she refused to come; she looked like an old woman, and an old woman's coif confined her hair; and as the man still urged her, she said to him, 'Heaven bless you, and may children always be yours! My daughter has been stolen from me. Alas! how much happier is your lot than mine;' and, though weeping is impossible for the gods, as she spoke, a bright drop like a tear fell into her bosom. Soft-hearted, the little girl and the old man weep together. And after that the good man said, 'Arise! despise not the shelter of my little home; so may the daughter whom you seek be restored to you.' 'Lead me,' answered the goddess; 'you have found out the secret of moving me;' and she arose from the stone, and followed the old man; and as they went he told her of the sick child at home—how he is restless with pain, and cannot sleep. And she, before entering the little cottage, gathered from the untended earth the soothing and sleep-giving poppy; and as she gathered it, it is said that she forgot her vow, and tasted of the seeds, and broke her long fast, unaware. As she came through the door, she saw the house full of trouble, for now there was no more hope of life for the sick boy. She saluted the mother, whose name was Metaneira, and humbly kissed the lips of the child, with her own divine lips; then the paleness left its face, and suddenly the parents see the strength returning to its body; so great is the force that comes from the divine mouth. And the whole family was full of joy—the mother and the father and the little girl; they were the whole household."

IV.

THREE profound ethical conceptions, three impressive sacred figures, have now defined themselves for the Greek imagination, condensed from all the traditions which have here been traced, from the hymns of the poets, from the instinctive and unformulated mysticism of primitive minds. Demeter has become the divine sorrowing mother. Kore, the goddess of summer, has become Persephone, the goddess of death, still associated with the forms and odours of flowers and fruit, yet as one risen from the dead also, presenting one side of her ambiguous nature to

men's gloomier fancies. Thirdly, there is the image of Demeter enthroned, chastened by sorrow, and somewhat advanced in age, blessing the earth, in her joy at the return of Kore. The myth has now entered on the third phase of its life, in which it becomes the property of those more elevated spirits, who, in the decline of the Greek religion, pick and choose and modify, with perfect freedom of mind, whatever in it may seem adapted to minister to their culture. In this way, the myths of the Greek religion become parts of an ideal, sensible embodiments of the susceptibilities and intuitions of the nobler kind of souls; and it is to this latest phase of mythological development that the highest Greek sculpture allies itself. Its function is to give visible, æsthetic expression to the constituent parts of that ideal. As poetry dealt chiefly with the incidents of the story, so it is with the *personages* of the story—with Demeter and Kore themselves—that sculpture has to do.

For the myth of Demeter, like the Greek religion in general, had its unlovelier side, grotesque, un-hellenic, unglorified by art, illustrated well enough by the description Pausanias gives us of his visit to the cave of the Black Demeter at Phigalia. In his time the image itself had vanished; but he tells us enough about it to enable us to realize its general characteristics, monstrous as the special legend with which it was connected, the black draperies, the horse's head united to the woman's body, with the carved reptiles creeping about it. If with the thought of this gloomy image of our mother the earth, in our minds, we take up one of those coins which bear the image of Kore or Demeter,* we shall better understand what the function of sculpture really was in elevating and refining the religious conceptions of the Greeks. Looking on the profile, for instance, on one of those coins of Messene, which almost certainly represent Demeter, and noting the crisp, chaste opening of the lips, the minutely wrought earrings, and the delicately touched ears of corn—this trifle being justly regarded as, in its æsthetic qualities, an epitome of art on a larger scale—we shall see how far the imagination of the Greeks had travelled from what their Black Demeter shows us had once been possible for them, and in making the gods of their worship

* On these small objects the mother and daughter are hard to distinguish, the latter being recognizable only by a greater delicacy in the features and the more evident stamp of youth.

the objects of a worthy companionship in men's thoughts. Certainly, the mind of the old workman who struck this coin was, if we may trust the testimony of his work, unclouded by impure or gloomy shadows. The thought of Demeter is impressed here with all the purity and proportion, the purged and dainty intelligence of the human countenance. The mystery of it is indeed absent, perhaps could hardly have been looked for in so slight a thing, intended for no sacred purpose, and tossed lightly from hand to hand. But in his firm hold on the harmonies of the human face, the designer of this tranquil head of Demeter is on the one road to a command over the secrets of all imaginative pathos and mystery; though, in the perfect fairness and blitheness of his work, he might seem almost not to have known the incidents of her terrible story.

It is probable that, at a later period than in other equally important temples of Greece, the earlier archaic representation of Demeter in the sanctuary of Eleusis was replaced by a more beautiful image in the new style, with face and hands of ivory, having therefore, in tone and texture, some subtler likeness to women's flesh, and the closely enveloping drapery being constructed in daintily beaten plates of gold. Demeter and Kore have been traced in certain blurred figures of the Parthenon, of the school of Pheidias, therefore; but Praxiteles seems to have been the first to bring into the region of a freer artistic handling these shy deities of the earth, shrinking still within the narrow restraints of a hieratic, conventional treatment, long after the more genuine Olympians had broken out of them. The school of Praxiteles, as distinguished from that of Pheidias, is especially the school of grace, relaxing a little the severe ethical tension of the latter, in favour of a slightly Asiatic sinuosity and tenderness. Pausanias tells us that he carved the two goddesses for the temple of Demeter at Athens; and Pliny speaks of two groups of his in brass, the one representing the stealing of Persephone, the other her later, annual descent into Hades, conducted thither by the now pacified mother. All alike have perished; though perhaps some more or less faint reflection of the most important of these designs may still be traced on many painted vases which depict the stealing of Persephone, a helpless, plucked flower in the arms of Aidoneus. And in this almost traditional form, the subject was often represented, in low relief, on tombs, some of which still re-

main, in one or two instances, built up, oddly enough, in the walls of Christian churches. On the tombs of women who had died in early life, this was a favourite subject, some likeness of the actual lineaments of the deceased being sometimes transferred to the features of Persephone.

Yet so far, it might seem, when we consider the interest of this story in itself, and its importance in the Greek religion, that no adequate expression of it had remained to us in works of art. But in the year 1857, Mr. Newton's discovery of the marbles in the sacred precinct of Demeter at Cnidus restored to us an illustration of the myth in its artistic phase, hardly less central than the Homeric hymn in its poetical phase. With the help of the descriptions and plans of Mr. Newton's book,* we can form, as one always wishes to do in such cases, a clear idea of the place where these marbles, three statues of the best style of Greek sculpture, now in the British Museum, were found. Occupying a ledge of rock, looking towards the sea, at the base of a cliff of upheaved limestone, of singular steepness and regularity of surface, the spot presents indications of volcanic disturbance, as if a chasm in the earth had opened here. It was this character, suggesting the belief in an actual connection with the interior of the earth, local tradition claiming it as the scene of the stealing of Persephone, which probably gave rise, as in other cases where the landscape presented some peculiar feature in harmony with the story, to the dedication upon it of a house and an image of Demeter, with whom were associated Kore and the gods with Demeter — *οἱ θεοὶ παρὰ Δαμάρει* — Aidoneus, and the mystical Dionysus. The house seems to have been a small chapel only, of simple construction, and designed for private use, the site itself having been private property, consecrated by a particular family, for their own religious uses, although other persons, servants or dependents of the founders, may also have frequented it. The architecture seems to have been insignificant, but the sculpture costly and exquisite, belonging, if contemporary with the erection of the building, to a great period of Greek art, of which also it is judged to possess intrinsic marks, about the year 350 before Christ, the probable date of the dedication of the little temple. The artists by whom these works were produced were therefore either the con-

* A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidae.

temporaries of Praxiteles, whose Venus was for many centuries the glory of Cnidus, or belonged to the generation immediately succeeding him. The temple itself was probably thrown down by a renewal of the volcanic disturbances; the statues however remaining, and the ministers and worshippers still continuing to make shift for their sacred business in the place now doubly venerable, but with its temple un-restored, down to the second or third century of the Christian era, its frequenters being now perhaps mere chance comers, the family of the original donors having become extinct, or having deserted it. Into this later arrangement, divined clearly by Mr. Newton, through those faint indications which mean much for true experts, the extant remains, as they were found upon the spot, permit us to enter. It is one of the graves of that old religion, but with much still fresh in it. We see it with its provincial superstitions, and its curious magic rites, but also with its means of really solemn impressions, in the culminating forms of Greek art; the two faces of the Greek religion confronting each other here, and the whole having that rare peculiarity of a kind of personal stamp upon it, the place having been designed to meet the fancies of one particular soul, or at least of one family. It is always difficult to bring the every-day aspect of Greek religion home to us; but even the slightest details of this little sanctuary help us to do this; and knowing little, as we do, of the greater mysteries of Demeter, this glance into an actual religious place dedicated to her, and with the air of her worship still about it, is doubly interesting. The little votive figures of the goddesses in baked earth were still lying stored in the small treasury intended for such objects, or scattered about the feet of the images, together with lamps in great number, a lighted lamp being a favourite offering, in memory of the torches with which Demeter sought Persephone, or from some sense of inherent darkness in these gods of the earth, those torches in the hands of Demeter being originally the artificial warmth and brightness of lamp and fire on winter nights. The *diræ* or spells, binding or devoting certain persons to the infernal gods, inscribed on thin rolls of lead, with holes sometimes for hanging them up about those quiet statues, still lay, just as they were left, anywhere within the sacred precinct, illustrating at once the gloomier side of the Greek religion in general, and of Demeter and Persephone especially, in their character of avenging deities, and, as

relics of ancient magic reproduced so strangely at other times and places, reminding us of the permanence of certain odd ways of human thought. A woman binds with her spell the person who seduces her husband away from her and her children; another the person who has accused her of preparing poison for her husband; another devotes one who has not restored a borrowed garment, or has stolen a bracelet, or certain drinking-horns; and, from some instances, we might infer that this was a favourite place of worship for the poor and ignorant. In this living picture we find still lingering on, at the foot of the beautiful Greek marbles, that phase of religious temper which a cynical mind might think a truer link of its unity and permanence than any higher æsthetic instincts, a phase of it which the art of sculpture, humanizing and refining man's conceptions of the unseen, tended constantly to do away. For the higher side of the Greek religion, thus humanized and refined by art, and elevated by it to the sense of beauty, is here also.

There were three ideal forms, as we saw, gradually shaping themselves in the development of the story of Demeter, waiting only for complete realization at the hands of the sculptor; and now, with these forms in our minds, let us place ourselves in thought before the three images which once probably occupied, one of them being then wrought on a larger scale, the three niches or ambries in the face of that singular cliff at Cnidus. Of the three figures, one probably represents Persephone, as the goddess of the dead; the second, Demeter enthroned; the third is probably a portrait-statue of a priestess of Demeter, but may perhaps, even so, represent Demeter herself, Demeter *Achæa*, Ceres *Deserta*, the *mater dolorosa* of the Greeks, a type not as yet recognized in any other work of ancient art. Certainly it seems hard not to believe that this work is in some way connected with the legend of the place to which it belonged, and the main subject of which it realizes so completely; and at least it shows how the higher Greek sculpture would have worked out this motive. If Demeter at all, it is Demeter the seeker, *Δῖω*, as she was called in the mysteries, in some pause of her restless wandering over the world in search of the lost child, and become at last an abstract type of the wanderer. The Homeric hymn, as we saw, had its sculptural motives, the great gestures of Demeter, who was ever the stately goddess, as she

followed the daughters of Celeus, or sat by the well-side, or went out and in, through the halls of the palace, expressed in monumental words. With the sentiment of that monumental Homeric presence this statue is penetrated, uniting a certain solemnity of attitude and bearing, to a profound piteousness, an unrivalled pathos of expression. There is something of the pity of Michelangelo's *Pietà*, in the wasted form and the marred countenance, yet with the light breaking faintly over it from the eyes, which, contrary to the usual practice in ancient sculpture, are represented as looking upwards. It is the aged woman who has escaped from pirates, who has but just escaped being sold as a slave, calling on the young for pity. The sorrows of her long wanderings seem to have passed into the marble; and in this too, it meets the demands which the reader of the Homeric hymn, with its command over the resources of human pathos, makes upon the sculptor. The tall figure, in proportion above the ordinary height, is veiled, and clad to the feet in the longer tunic, its numerous folds hanging in heavy parallel lines, opposing the lines of the peplus, or cloak, which cross it diagonally over the breast, enwrapping the upper portion of the body somewhat closely. It is the very type of the wandering woman, going grandly indeed, as Homer describes her, yet so human in her anguish, that I seem to recognize some far descended shadow of her, in the homely figure of the roughly clad French peasant woman, who, in one of Corot's pictures, is hastening along under a sad light, as the day goes out behind the little hill. We have watched the growth of the merely personal sentiment in the story; and we may notice that, if this figure be indeed Demeter, then the conception of her has become wholly humanized; no trace of the primitive import of the myth, no colour or scent of the mystical earth, remains about it.

The seated figure, much mutilated and worn by long exposure, yet possessing, according to the best critics, marks of the school of Praxiteles, is almost undoubtedly the image of Demeter enthroned. Three times in the Homeric hymn she is represented as sitting, once by the fountain at the wayside, again in the house of Celeus, and again in the newly finished temple of Eleusis; but always in sorrow; seated on the *πέτρα ὑψηλὰςτος*, which, as Ovid told us, the people of Attica still called the *stone of sorrow*. Here she is represented in her later state of reconcil-

iation, enthroned as the glorified mother of all things. The delicate plaiting of the tunic about the throat, the formal curling of the hair, and a certain weight of over-thoughtfulness in the brows, recall the manner of Leonardo, a master, one of whose characteristics is a very sensitive expression of the sentiment of maternity. I am reminded especially of a work by one of his scholars, "The Virgin of the Balances," in the Louvre, a picture which has been thought to represent, under a veil, the blessing of universal nature, and in which the sleepy-looking heads, with a peculiar grace and refinement of somewhat advanced life in them, have just this half-weary posture. We see here, then, the Hera of the world below, the Stygian Juno, the chief of those Elysian matrons who come crowding, in the poem of Claudian, to the marriage toilet of Proserpine, the goddess of the fertility of the earth and of all creatures, but still of fertility as arisen out of death;* and therefore she is not without a certain pensiveness, having seen the seed fall into the ground and die, many times. Persephone has returned to her, and the hair spreads like a rich harvest over her shoulders; but she is still veiled, and knows that the seed must fall into the ground again, and Persephone descend again from her.

The statues of the supposed priestess, and of the enthroned Demeter, are of more than the size of life; the figure of Persephone is but seventeen inches high, a daintily handled toy of Parian marble, the miniature copy perhaps of a much larger work, which might well be reproduced on a magnified scale. The conception of Demeter is throughout chiefly human, and even domestic, though never without a hieratic interest, because she is not a goddess only, but also a priestess. In contrast, Persephone is wholly unearthly, the close companion, and even the confused double, of Hecate, the goddess of midnight terrors, *Despēna*, the final mistress of all that lives; and as sorrow is the characteristic sentiment of Demeter, so awe of Persephone. She is compact of sleep, and death, and flowers, but of narcotic flowers especially, a *revenant*, who in the garden of Aidoneus has eaten of the pomegranate, and bears always the secret of decay in her, in the mystery of its swallowed seeds; sometimes, in later work, holding in her hand the key of the great prison-house, but

* "Pallere ligustra,
Exspirare rosas, decrescere lilia vidi."

which unlocks all secrets also, there finally, or through oracles revealed in dreams; sometimes, like Demeter, the poppy, emblem of sleep and death by its narcotic juices, of life and resurrection by its innumerable seeds, of the dreams, therefore, that may intervene between falling asleep and waking. Treated as it is in the Homeric hymn, and still more in this statue, the image of Persephone may be regarded as the result of many efforts to lift the old Chthonian gloom, still living on in heavier souls, concerning the grave, to connect it with impressions of dignity and beauty, and a certain sweetness even: it is meant to make us in love, or at least at peace, with death. The Persephone of Praxiteles' school, then, is *Aphrodite-Persephone, Venus-Libitina*. Her shadowy eyes have gazed upon the fainter colouring of the under-world, and the tranquillity, born of it, has "passed into her face;" for the Greek Hades is, after all, but a quiet, twilight place, not very different from that House of Fame where Dante places the great souls of the classical world; Aidoneus himself being conceived in the highest Greek sculpture as but a gentler Zeus, the great innkeeper; so that when a certain Greek sculptor had failed in his portraiture of Zeus, because it had too little hilarity, too little in the eyes and brow of the open and cheerful sky, he only changed its title, and the thing passed excellently, with its heavy locks and shadowy eyebrows, for the god of the dead. The image of Persephone, then, as it is here composed, with the tall tower-like head-dress, from which the veil depends—the corn-basket, originally carried thus by the Greek women, balanced on the head—giving the figure unusual length, has the air of a body bound about with grave-clothes; while the archaic hands and feet, and a certain stiffness in the folds of the drapery, give it something of a hieratic character, and to the modern observer may suggest a sort of kinship with the more chastened kind of Gothic work. But quite of the school of Praxiteles is the general character of the composition; the graceful waving of the hair, the fine shadows of the little face, of the eyes and lips especially, like the shadows of a flower—a flower risen noiselessly from its dwelling in the dust—though still with that fulness or heaviness in the brow, as of sleepy people, which, in the delicate gradations of Greek sculpture, distinguish the infernal deities from their Olympian kindred. The object placed in the hand may be, perhaps, a stiff archaic flower, but is probably the

partly-consumed pomegranate, one morsel gone; the most usual emblem of Persephone being this mystical fruit, which, because of the multitude of its seeds, was to the Romans a symbol of fecundity, and was sold at the doors of the temples of Ceres, that the women might offer it there, and bear numerous children; and so, to the Middle Age, became a symbol of the fruitful earth itself; and then of that other seed sown in the dark under-world; and at last of that whole hidden region, so thickly sown, which Dante visited, Michelino painting him, in the Duomo of Florence, with this fruit in his hand, and Botticelli putting it into the childish hands of Him, who, if men "go down into hell, is there also."

There is an attractiveness in these goddesses of the earth akin to the influence of cool places, quiet houses, subdued light, tranquillizing voices; for me, at least, I know it has been good to be with Demeter and Persephone, all the time I have been reading and thinking of them; and all through this essay, I have been asking myself, what is there in this phase of ancient religion for us at the present day? The myth of Demeter and Persephone, then, illustrates the power of the Greek religion as a religion of pure ideas, of conceptions, which having no link on historical fact, yet, because they arose naturally out of the spirit of man, and embodied, in adequate symbols, his deepest thoughts concerning the conditions of his physical and spiritual life, maintained their hold through many changes, and are still not without a solemnizing power even for the modern mind, which has once admitted them as recognized and habitual inhabitants; and abiding thus for the elevation and purifying of our sentiments, long after the earlier and simpler races of their worshippers have passed away, they may be a pledge to us of the place in our culture, at once legitimate and possible, of the associations, the conceptions, the imagery, of Greek religious poetry in general, of the poetry of all religions.

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THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER LI.

(continued.)

"THESE villas must be very pretty in the summer," observed Yorke, still disposed for the present to cover the posi-

tion with commonplaces; "but I should not fancy them at this season. They look cold and damp."

"No one stays in them during the winter," said Lucy; "they all belong to London people, who merely come down for the summer months."

"That one seems to be inhabited," observed Yorke; "look at the smoke coming from the chimney." He pointed to the house nearest to them, standing in a little garden in the angle where the road left the river — a small, rather dilapidated cottage of wood. In the summer, and when covered with leafy creepers to hide the state of disrepair, it might have been attractive from its picturesque situation, but now it looked shabby and forlorn.

"That little cottage has been taken only lately," replied Lucy, "by an invalid lady."

"It does not seem a very good situation for an invalid; do you know her?"

"Papa and Mrs. Peevor have called on her,—we always call on everybody, you know, as soon as they come to this neighbourhood," she said, with a little jerk of the chin and pout of the lip, which Yorke thought very piquant, "although everybody does not always return our calls. But they did not see her. I daresay it would be too far for her to walk to 'The Beeches' in return; but I am sure papa would send a carriage for her in a minute if he knew how to offer it without giving offence."

"Is the lady a widow?"

"No; I believe her husband is abroad somewhere, but we really know very little about her. She is a Mrs. Wood. These must be her children, I think;" and as Lucy spoke, a maid with two children, coming along the Coldbrook road past the inn while they had been looking up the river, was almost close to them. She was a common-looking girl, who might be a maid of all work. The children, although evidently of gentle-folk, were poorly and not very warmly clad. One, a little girl who might be between four and five years old, the maid led by the hand, the younger she carried in her arms.

As the little party passed by where Yorke and Lucy were standing, the child on foot turned to look at Minnie and Lottie, the servant meanwhile dragging her along.

Yorke stepped up to them, and the girl stopped and made a rough curtsy.

"You seem cold, my little maid," said Yorke to the child, taking her face kindly between his hands, "you must get indoors

by the fire, and then you will soon be warm again."

The child looked up at him inquiringly, without replying, and then turned towards Minnie and Lottie, who had come up and were standing by. She had an oval face, and large, dark, melancholy eyes, and only wanted colour to be very pretty.

She looked as if admiringly at the rich fur-trimmed jackets and gay worsted gaiters which Minnie and Lottie wore, in marked contrast to her own shabby clothes. There seemed no envy in her gaze, although perchance some vague perception may have aroused the child's mind that these fine clothes symbolized the difference in the lot of the happy wearers from that which had been cast for herself.

Minnie and Lottie, their hoops in one hand, and holding the skirts of their elder sister's dress with the other, stood looking at the little stranger with the sort of mistrust that children are wont to evince towards other children at first sight.

Yorke, too, looked silently at the little pale sad face, which seemed to him to call up memories of some bygone scene, when and how he could not tell; perchance some dim-remembered dream.

Then the younger child in the nurse's arms began to whimper, and turning its face away as if frightened, hid it in the girl's shoulder; and the latter, with another awkward curtsy, stepped out towards the cottage, dragging the elder child after her.

"Poor little things!" said Lucy, as they passed on, "they must feel the cold terribly. Don't you wish you had brought some sugarplums, Lottie, to give to that poor little girl?"

"Me told too," said Lottie, "and me so tired — won't you tarry me, 'Oocie?" And, indeed, these little hot-house plants were already feeling the reaction from their unwonted exercise; and Lucy observing that her papa would scold them for having come so far, the party set out homewards, Yorke carrying Lottie on his shoulder, while Lucy led the other little one by the hand.

This arrangement was not favourable for pursuing the conversation into the interesting course it had taken before; and it was still hovering about the commonplace when the rumble of carriage-wheels was heard, and the landau drove up. Mrs. Peevor was inside, having come downstairs in time to take her usual drive, and the whole party were taken up and the horses turned towards home. And wrapped

up in rugs, and sitting on Yorke's knee, with genial warmth diffused through the carriage by an ample hot-water cistern (a special arrangement designed by Johnson the engineer), little Lottie soon forgot her troubles.

"You must have been cold, indeed, my darlings," said their mamma, as they drew near home; "it is really not weather for children to be walking about in."

"Lucy was very cold too," said Minnie. "Lucy was crying with cold."

"Oocie was trying with told," interrupted Lottie, "and so Turnel 'Orke tised her —"

"Look at the pretty white frost on the trees, Lottie, dear," said Yorke, bumping his little charge up and down on his knee so that speech failed the child for further revelations. Her mamma, however, did not appear to notice the remark, nor Lucy's confusion; and the house being now reached, the latter at once ran up-stairs to her room.

Yorke inquired of the servant who opened the door where Mr. Peevor could be found. The die was cast; and Lucy's last glance as she hurried away half frightened, yet radiant with joy, filled him with elation.

Mr. Peevor had not yet returned from his walk. But the man had in his hand a telegram just arrived for Yorke.

It was from his London agents. A Mrs. Polwheedle had just called to inquire his address, and wished most particularly to see him on very urgent business. She was staying at the — Hotel.

Very urgent business! Here was an interruption indeed. Yorke looked at his watch. There was just time, by taking the carriage still at the door, to catch a train at the Hamwell station. If he waited for Mr. Peevor's return, and missed that, he must wait three hours for another, and would not be able to get back till quite late; so his resolution was taken at once, and declining Mrs. Peevor's proposal for luncheon first, and promising to be back for dinner if possible, he jumped into the carriage and drove off. Go he must under the circumstances, and the sooner he got away the sooner he should get back. Mrs. Polwheedle! He had almost forgotten her existence, but he remembered now having heard that she had left India. But what could she want with him? Perhaps she might want to see him for mere curiosity, or because she found herself bewildered on first coming home. Even if she were in trouble it would hardly be necessary to stay over

the day in town. And his thoughts going back to the event of the morning, the recollection of the scene on the hill soon drove out from them Mrs. Polwheedle and her message, as he realized the fact that the irrevocable step was taken which must lead to a new path in life. For more had passed on that occasion than has here been told; the exchange of looks and glances, and all the sweet telegraphy of love which cannot be set down in words. And he divined, and truly, that not only had Lucy given him her heart, but that the gift had now been given for the first time. His part must now be to acquire the lover's enthusiasm in return, and indeed he found himself making rapid progress in that direction. If he could not get back by dinner-time, he would at any rate return soon afterwards, in time to speak to Mr. Peevor that very night, and seeing Lucy once again, to reassure himself of her feelings towards him.

In pleasant musings of this kind the short journey was soon accomplished, when, as he got out of the carriage at the terminus, he saw his old friend Maxwell stepping from another compartment higher up the platform.

Pressing forward through the crowd, he overtook him just as he was hailing a cab. Again there was the same mixture of reserve and confusion with cordiality which had marked Maxwell's manner at the last meeting. He had been down near Castle-royal, he said, to visit an old friend who was a great invalid. He must hurry away now, having an urgent appointment; would not Yorke come and dine with him at the Asiatic Club that evening?—no, not that evening, he was engaged, but the following—and have a talk over old times; and Yorke accepting the invitation, the other, again pleading hurry, drove off.

Then, as Yorke stood watching the receding cab, while mingled feelings of annoyance and surprise at this strange reception came uppermost, the truth suddenly flashed upon him. Maxwell's visits, the confusion at meeting him,—it was all plain now. The child whose face had moved him so strongly at the time was Olivia's child, and Olivia herself was the sick lady. The very name, too, assumed by the lady whose husband was abroad, ought to have furnished the clue. How dull of him not to have understood this sooner! It was Olivia who lived in the poor cottage by the river; Olivia deserted by her husband, living there alone with her children, ill and in want. And he had been all this time in England, and had

even passed her door, and had brought her no succour! And as her old lover stood on the spot where he had parted from Maxwell, musing, amid the bustle of the busy station, over what had just happened, while each moment the feeling of certainty that he had guessed right grew stronger, all thought of present aims and hopes, and even of the cause for his journey, passed away, while his memory wandered back to old times, treading again once more the familiar scenes which it had so often trod before.

A train was on the point of starting for Castleroyal, and there was just time to get a ticket for Shoalbrook and take his place in it. He had no definite idea of what he would do, but at least he would go down and look again at the poor cottage by the river, and perhaps gain access to Olivia, with offers of service; at any rate the journey was necessary, if only to get rid of the restless eagerness that now possessed him.

He left the train at Shoalbrook, and by way at once of warming himself and calming down the excitement under which he laboured — not lessened by the reflection which overtook him on the journey that he had deserted Mrs. Polwheedle in her call for succour — he set out to walk the three miles or more up the river-bank which would bring him to the point he had visited in the morning. The weather by this time had changed with the true fickleness of an English climate; a dull afternoon had succeeded to the bright morning: the thaw which had set in had restored the surface of the ground to its ordinary winter state; the rising wind drove the mist in his face as he trudged along the miry path; and the short winter's day was coming to an end as he reached the spot where he had met Olivia's children. Changed was the scene now, and dull and drear the view which would look so bright and cheerful at the same hour on a summer's day. At his feet ran the river, swollen and rapid, the banks silent and deserted, and the only signs of life the light in the windows of the wayside inn which he had just passed. The cottage, from where he stood, was dark and silent, and seemed as if deserted. Irresolute he walked a little way past it, up the river-bank, asking himself what he should do next. Suppose that Olivia, if still there, was too ill to see him? In any case, might not the shock of meeting him in this way do her harm? Or suppose that under the burden of her misfortunes she had come to regard him as an enemy, as no doubt her

husband did, what good would come of his presenting himself thus unexpectedly? She might refuse to see him. And before the stern facts of the situation the indefinite hopes of a meeting which had brought him down from London melted away. He would have done better to wait and see Maxwell first, and learn how matters stood. Mrs. Polwheedle's message, too, was probably connected with Olivia. He should at any rate have waited to see her. Yet how wait when Olivia was in want and trouble? And all this time he had been spending his money on amusement, living a life of luxury and pleasure. And thus reproaching himself there came up a vision of "The Beeches" with all its profusion and waste, and for the moment it and its inmates seemed objects for contempt and almost aversion, while his heart was filled with deepest pity for his old love, the glorious creature he had once known radiant with youth and beauty, now living in this squalor, prematurely aged no doubt by care and sickness, the mother of these poor half-clothed children.

Turning in his irresolution, and walking back again past the cottage, still dark and silent, in the direction of the inn, he met a person, the first he had seen, coming towards him, evidently a resident in the neighbourhood from his leisurely pace; and under a sudden impulse Yorke turned towards him to inquire whether the occupants of the cottage had left it. But as he did so, the stranger, who wore a broad-brimmed hat and large cloak, turned away suddenly, declining his proposal so pointedly that Yorke desisted from his purpose, noticing, as the stranger hurried off to avoid him, that, although walking quickly, he was lame, and moved with evident difficulty.

"The gentleman takes me for a tramp, I suppose," thought Yorke; "and yet even in this light I hardly look like one, although in one sense he is right. But perhaps I shall get some information at the inn." And he continued his course in that direction.

Arrived in front of the inn he turned round to look at the cottage, from this point about a couple of hundred yards off. The outline of the roof could now scarcely be made out in the dim twilight; but while gazing at it a light suddenly appeared in an upper window. So, then, Olivia was still there. "That is her room, no doubt," he said to himself. "Poor soul! she has to be sparing of candles, I suppose;" and again there came up a vision of "The Beeches," and the brilliant illumination of

which it was the scene every afternoon, when Johnson the engineer attended by a footman went round to light up the house. "Olivia must be keeping her room," he continued, soliloquizing, "so it would have been useless going to the house after all."

But no! while he stood watching the light, it suddenly disappeared from the upper window, and after a brief pause reappeared in a lower room. It had evidently been carried down-stairs. And Yorke, acting under a sudden impulse, hurried across the intervening space, and entering the little garden by the wicket-gate, went up to the door of the cottage and rang the bell.

CHAPTER LII.

THE summons was answered by the servant whom Yorke had seen with the children in the morning, who fulfilled apparently the double office of housemaid and nurse. He inquired whether Mrs. Wood was within.

The girl stood irresolute, as if without suspicion of a visitor at such an hour. What name should she say? she asked, holding the door only half open.

"Say an old friend, say Colonel Yorke has called to inquire after Mrs. Wood."

As he spoke, Olivia, attracted by the sound of his voice and his name, appeared at the door of the sitting-room which opened on to the little hall. Seeing her he stepped inside diffidently, not knowing how she would receive him.

But Olivia came forward holding out both hands in greeting. In her solitude the sound of her faithful friend's voice came as a joyful surprise; and as she led the way into the parlour, there was a flush of pleasure on her face which had of late seldom been present there.

But Yorke did not notice this. The room, although lighter than the hall, was lit up only by a pair of candles and a fire which had got low, and he could not make out her face plainly. Still he could see that time had set its mark there. She looked much older than when they last met, but little more than four years before; and, always slight of figure, she was now thin and wasted. This much he had time to note, without looking too fixedly at her; and yet, he thought, no face had ever looked so sweet.

"You are surprised to see me?" he asked, as she motioned to him to be seated.

"I am very pleased to see you," she said, smiling greetings at him, and looking, he thought, more wan than before. "But

how did you find me out?" And as she asked the question her face assumed an expression of anxiety and reserve. Perhaps she now began to regret that the secret of her disguise should be discovered.

"It was by a curious chance. I met Mackenzie Maxwell this afternoon."

"Ah! and he told you of my being here. Of course that would easily account for it." And Yorke could see that Olivia looked vexed, as if at the betrayal of her confidence.

"Is it always to be so?" thought Yorke, bitterly. "Are others always to be trusted in preference, and myself made of no account?" Then he added aloud, "No, Maxwell told me nothing. He kept your counsel well enough. But the fact is, as chance would have it, I am staying on a visit in this neighbourhood. Walking to the river this morning, close by, I saw—I saw your children, without knowing whose they were; but meeting Maxwell shortly afterwards in the train coming from this direction, the truth flashed upon me, and I came down to see if I could be of service."

Olivia said something about his great kindness, and that he always was very kind, but still maintaining the reserved manner in which she had now wrapped herself.

Yorke went on: "I should not have presumed to suppose that I could be of use, but that I also knew that you and the children were alone in England. The fact is, I saw your husband in Egypt. That was quite by chance too, and he did not see me; but need I say how truly glad I was to see him in harness again on congenial work? But that was last spring. I conclude he is still there? I hope you have good accounts from him?"

"Thank you," said Olivia, "he is very well: at least he was when last I heard. He has gone on an expedition into Upper Egypt just now, so that his letters do not come very regularly, but I believe the life agrees with him very well."

"And is there any prospect of your going out to join him there?"

"My husband has not said anything about my doing so, and it would be difficult to leave the children. It will probably be best that I should stay at home till he is able to join me here."

Olivia said this with an effort, her face as she did so seeming to grow still more sad and wan, and Yorke began to feel certain of what he had suspected from the first. She was not merely contending with ill health, and poverty shared with

her husband; she was also a deserted wife.

Indignation struggled with the desire not to say anything that might offend against her sense of wifely dignity. After some hesitation he continued: "My desire to be of service arose from my seeing you here." Looking round the little room, the shabby furniture of which appeared the worse that it was very untidy and littered with toys—Olivia herself, still neatly though cheaply clad, the only comely object in it—he added, "This surely is not a fit place for you to be in. It must be a very damp house in winter, on the edge of the river, and a cold one too. I was sorry when I heard this morning that it was occupied by a lady in delicate health, little guessing who the lady was; but now——"

"It is not a nice situation at this time of year, certainly. The children suffer—we all suffer who are in the house; but we came down for the autumn only, and stayed on for various reasons longer than was intended."

"I think I can understand; your husband being in such remote parts, there may be a difficulty about remittances coming punctually——"

"Quite so," said Olivia, catching at the suggestion. "It was very embarrassing, of course; but in my difficulty I bethought me of Dr. Maxwell, such a very old friend of my poor father's, you know—and he put matters straight at once. His kindness has been perfectly invaluable to me in this temporary difficulty; indeed I don't know what I should have done but for his help." And at this point poor Olivia nearly broke down, and the tear stood in the dark eyes, which seemed larger and more lustrous than ever.

"Then are you not going to stay here much longer?"

"No; Dr. Maxwell is going to take lodgings for us on the south coast, where the air is milder; we move the day after to-morrow. I must summon up courage in the morning," she added, smiling faintly, "to undertake the labour of packing."

"But I suppose the small worries of life may not end with a change of residence. I don't want to put myself on a footing with Maxwell, but surely I may claim to be an old friend too. Time was, perhaps," he continued, with some hesitation, "when I could not have professed the same disinterested views, but all that, as you know, is past and gone. May I not now offer the hearty services of one who claims to be an old friend too, and nothing more?"

Having said this, his conscience misgave him for his heartlessness. Was this a time, when her state had fallen so low, to twit her with the loss of the spell by which she held him so long enchained?

And poor Olivia herself may have been woman enough to feel a passing pang on being reminded that she had no longer the same power of fascination over the once constant lover, for there was a slight tone of pique in her manner as she thanked him for putting the matter on so straightforward a footing; but she added that there was really no need to make use of his most kind offers of service—for that Dr. Maxwell had got over all her difficulties for her.

"But still there may be present wants," persisted Yorke; "surely when I have more money than I know what to do with at my bankers, the obligation would be quite nominal only if you made use of a small sum, till you were placed in funds yourself. The children, for instance, might surely have some warmer clothing with advantage."

"Poor little darlings," said their mother, "I am afraid they have felt the cold very much; but they will be better off to-morrow, I hope. The fact is,—I can hardly explain how it is—I never was a good hand at business matters, you know,—it appears there is some money due to me, which ought to have come before. Dr. Maxwell has put it all right now. And to-morrow the children's warm clothes will be here. But I am so very much obliged to you all the same. Pray do not think me ungrateful."

Just then the maid came in with the children,—the latter looking, Yorke noticed, almost as ill-kept and untidy as herself,—which made a timely diversion from the forced manner which had so far marked the interview. Yorke had soon the little Olivia on his knee, for children always took readily to him; the younger sat on its mother's lap. He had never before seen her in the character of a mother; and as she sat with the child nestling in her arms, looking pale and fragile, but with still the old grace in every attitude, he could not but be struck by the contrast between the present Olivia, with one poor drab to help her in the labours of the ill-found household, and the radiant young beauty at whose shrine he used to worship, with no cares and no duties, save such as flowed out of her accomplishments, and who seemed fashioned to command service and devotion from all who came around her.

Presently, while Olivia, still trying to hide her own troubles, was turning the conversation to Yorke himself and his doings, and inquiring with a semblance of great interest about the Peevors, the fame of whose beautiful place had reached her, and expressing her regret at being unable to return their visit, the servant came in to say tea was ready, should she bring it in? looking, as she spoke, doubtfully towards the visitor, as if to suggest that it had better be deferred till his departure.

Olivia told her to bring it, adding to Yorke that she hoped he would stop and take tea; it was more than tea, she said, with a little laugh—it was the children's tea and her dinner in one: but something in her way of putting the invitation—whether arising from prudery or reserve, or a wish not to exhibit before him the humble nature of the meal, he could not tell—seemed to imply that she did not really wish him to stay, and reluctantly refusing the offer, he rose to go. How short and unsatisfactory and commonplace the visit had been!

The leave-taking was less cordial on Olivia's part than had been the first greeting. This time she held out only one hand, but she followed him to the outer door. She appeared indeed glad in her loneliness to have seen him, and at times it seemed as if she were acting a part, and the forced composure could not be sustained; but, on the whole, the desire to maintain reserve seemed uppermost.

Just as Yorke was opening the hall-door, Olivia standing by him, he bethought him of Mrs. Polwheedle's message, and turning round he said that he expected to see that lady the next day.

"Mrs. Polwheedle in England!" cried Olivia; "how I should like to see her! To meet an old friend like her again would be such a happiness. She was so kind to me when we were up in the hills together," continued Olivia, seeing that Yorke appeared surprised at her speaking thus warmly of the lady. "I do not know what I should have done, for I was very helpless and strange to the country, without her help. She quite took care of me in those days."

"Then may I tell her you are here? May I bring her down with me to-morrow, if she is able to come?"

Olivia hesitated for an instant. In her loneliness her face brightened at the prospect of seeing her old companion again. But then she shook her head sadly. "Major Yorke," she said, for by this title she knew him, "you see me living here

under a false name; how can I dare to face my old friends while in such a state of degradation? No; you are all very kind—it has been a real pleasure to see you; perhaps some day," she continued, with a quivering lip, struggling to repress the emotion which almost broke her down,—“perhaps some day things will look brighter for my husband and myself, and we may be able to come out of of this concealment and disgrace. God knows! the way does not look very clear at present.” Then she offered him her hand once more in token that he was dismissed, and having no further excuse for staying, he gave one earnest look at the sad eyes, and turning round left the house.

He walked through the little garden, and then letting himself out by the gate, stood musing awhile, thinking how unsatisfactory his visit had been—how unlike what he should have expected it to be, if he had thought about it beforehand. To meet after an absence of several years the woman who had been to him for so long more than all the world besides, to find her friendless and in distress, and yet to come away having done nothing to help her, and with nothing (except just at the last) said on either side which might not have passed between casual visiting acquaintances. "Must it always be so, that I am never to be able to help her in any way? And why is it," he also asked himself, "that while I am no longer in love with her, and would not marry her if she were free and wanted to have me, her voice thrills through me as that of no other woman has ever done or ever will do; and that sitting there, worn and faded, in that shabby little room, she still seems to me the noblest and most lovely of her sex? Am I under a spell, or is she really so far above all other women that none are worth gaining when she is lost?"

Thoughts of this sort passing through his mind, Yorke moved on towards the inn. But he had made only two or three steps when, raising his head, he noticed the figure of a man standing on the side of the pathway, leaning over the paling and looking into the garden.

Yorke stopped; his first thought was that the house was lonely and occupied by women, and a man watching it at that hour might mean no good. And he stepped up to the figure to see who it was. As he did so, the person turned away and moved off up the river; and although it was now quite dark, he could distinguish the large hat and lame gait of the gentle-

man he had seen before. Reassured on this point Yorke resumed his course to the inn, for he now stood in want of food, wondering that the gentleman should choose such a time for exercise.

The interior of the "River Belle," for such was the name of the wayside inn, looked cheerful by contrast with the gloomy evening outside. On the right side of the little hall or entrance passage was a parlour, the open door of which showed a fire to be burning inside; on the opposite side was a sort of public coffee-room, with the bar at one end, at the back of which a door opened into another room. Walking into the coffee-room, and ordering some refreshment to be got ready and served in the parlour, he was told that it was engaged, but that another private room could be provided if he wished it. He elected, however, to stay where he was; a cheerful fire burnt in the hearth, before which was a small round table, and the room was empty save for the hostess, sitting behind the bar engaged in needle-work.

Yorke began talking with the landlady, when after giving orders from the back room about his dinner she returned to her station behind the bar. The River Belle seemed a snug little place, he remarked; he supposed they had plenty of visitors in the summer. Plenty, said the landlady; very often more than they could find room for: sometimes as many as a dozen gents would be taking their meals at a time in that very room, besides them that preferred to sit outside under the trees. But in the winter they had not much business? Not much, nothing to speak of; indeed they might as well shut up in winter if it wasn't for the look of the thing. But they had a visitor just now, had they not? Yes, the gent who occupies the parlour; he was out just now taking a bit of a walk, which he oughtn't to be, on such a night, for he was quite an invalid gentleman; seemed to have met with a dreadful railway accident or something of the sort, quite a cripple as one might say, and a terrible object to look at, poor man. "That's him," continued the woman, "speaking to my husband outside."

Yorke had started to his feet on hearing the sound of the voice. Many a time had he faced danger, battle, murder, and sudden death, but never before had the blood seemed to stand still within him as it did on hearing the accents of this voice.

For a moment his limbs refused obedience, as he stood trembling with surprise

and horror; then summoning strength, he passed out into the passage.

The stranger was standing in the doorway with his back to Yorke, speaking to some one under the porch outside, the landlord apparently, who was making some remarks about the weather.

Again that voice, so often heard before in years gone by, that voice so clear and stern in the day of battle, so sweet and gentle in friendly converse, that voice, once known as Yorke had known it, never again to be forgotten!

The stranger turned round, and moved along the little passage towards the parlour door, his head bent down. Then as he reached the door, he looked up for an instant, and his eye fell on Yorke standing transfixed close to him.

The stranger started, and put out a hand under his cloak as if to steady himself against the wall, as he did so raising his head and displaying for an instant, to the horror-stricken Yorke, a ghastly view of a sightless eye in the scarred socket, and a mutilated brow and face, which had lost all likeness to the original features. Then, as the vision turned, and the other side of it became presented to his view, there could be traced a resemblance to the well-remembered face.

"Falkland!" cried Yorke, making a step forward, and seizing the other by the arm. "Falkland! risen from the dead!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

A GLIMPSE OF THE KOREA.

A COOL breeze from the north-west rose in the early morning, and fanned the heated waters of the Korean Channel, raised yesterday almost to a glow by the scorching blaze of the August sun. The atmosphere is still clear of vapour; the sky above, the sea beneath, both serenely blue; a gentle ripple just ruffles the surface of the water, tossed into spray only by the cleaving prow of the huge ship steaming onward towards the land; light fleecy clouds, snowy or even silvery white in the early sunshine, fleck the bright azure of the sky, and float across the newly-risen sun. Far away on the port-bow a long line of misty cloud-masses hangs over the lofty summits of the Korean island of Quel-part, itself still out of view. On the starboard hand rise above the horizon, indistinct in the far distance, the blue ridges of the mainland, with an archipelago of

fantastic rocks and cone-shaped islets for foreground. Ahead show out the bold cliffs and steep inclines of the curious double island known to western navigators as Port Hamilton, for which the ship is bound. A deep cleft in the lofty side soon widens to an opening; the opening becomes a "narrow;" and close to the island promontory on the left—for the shore is bold and deep water flows beside it—the ship glides into the placid bay between the two curving islands which, like arms, embrace and form it. A few small fishing-craft were standing into the bay, their white or pale-blue pennons fluttering in the gentle breeze from slender staves erected in their high-pitched sterns.

The slow progress towards the anchoring-ground gave time for a good look round on the shores of the quiet bay. On either hand hills rose, here abruptly, there with gentle slope, to a height of at least five hundred feet; whilst above the general line of heights sharp-pointed peaks sprang to an elevation half as great again. The slopes were richly green: green with fields of waving millet yet unripe. Cultivation reigned on every available spot. From beach to summit, save where excessive steepness forbids labour, the whole hillside was divided into cultivated fields, separated from each other by green hedgerows as in some far western lands. Every scrap of ground was in crop, not a single plot was even fallow. Above, or on steep promontories, or edging the narrow strip of soil between the rocky beach and the cliffs that here and there vary the outline of the shore, grow clumps of evergreen oaks, or copses of fir and pine. The fields were small, and the thick foliage of the dividing hedges looked at a distance like a bank of green. The contour of the land, the size and fashion of the fields, the moist verdure of the slopes, recalled to more than one of us, by whom the place was now visited for the first time, the green landscapes of southern Ireland.

In a fold of the hillside between two gentle ascents, half-way toward the summit of the ridge of Sodo, the westernmost island of the two, peered out from amidst fields and hedgerows the scattered roofs of a small hamlet. Elsewhere the population is gathered into four large villages or towns—two on the western, and two on the eastern island. The chief town lies toward the north on the western shore of the bay, where the island dips to a long promontory crowned at the point with such a headland as Misennum. Across the dip between the central ridge and this elevated headland lie

the blue mountains of the distant main. Beyond the cape, and between it and the western shore, runs a narrow strait, shallow, and with sunken rocks which make the little sound between the islands almost land-locked. The town is compactly built; hip-roofs of poles and mat, with sloping ends, lie close together. In the distance they called to mind the likeness of a *testudo* of besieging shields. The town abuts upon the stony beach. Each house and its dependent buildings are surrounded by a rude stone wall. Above the coping shoot branches of green shrubs, and here and there stems of the universal millet. Between the house-walls run rudely paved lands as steep and stony as at Brixham or Clovelly. A few boats were hauled upon the beach, and a coasting craft of some thirty tons rode at anchor hard by. The town itself contains close on two hundred and fifty houses, and possibly a thousand souls.

On the other island, also on the beach, but where the water makes almost an inlet in the shore, are two other towns. Both seemed large—as large at least as the one just noticed on Sodo. In front of the southernmost lay many junks at anchor. From both—but not from a single house of either town on the other island—wreaths of blue smoke rose. The more northern climbs somewhat high up the hill, and yet higher throws out a scanty suburb. The fourth town was passed and soon hidden behind a jutting headland: it is perhaps the smallest of the four.

In front of each stands a stately tree; beneath its shade, on a platform rudely faced with loose stones, the elders and the commons of the little communities assemble. At first, as we entered the bay, scarce a soul was stirring. A few men and boys were seen moving about in front of some of the houses, or perhaps along a lane between the hedgerows. But as the morning advanced, many peeped out from their doors, till before long a crowd was gathered before each little town to look at the ship moving slowly up the bay. The anchor was cast opposite the town first mentioned. Within a short time of anchoring, a boat put off from the ship for the shore, to make some inquiries of the head-man, or governor of the island. The emissary was received at the water's edge, and courteously conducted to the great tree, the shade cast by which was supplemented by that of a canvas awning spread for the purpose. The officer was received by the chief men of the place, each distinguished—besides the stature and bearing of a

higher class—by an official head-dress. This head-gear is black, made of some light fibrous substance, as finely woven as a horsehair sieve, and in shape much resembling that of the peasant women of south Wales, the heroines of Fishguard. The cavity to receive the head is cup-shaped, and beneath the brim. The common robe of all is white, long and flowing like the Japanese *kimono*, and girt in at the waist. Loose broad trousers of the same are tied in below the knee; white socks or buskins, and pointed, turned-up shoes complete the costume. The hair is long, and is gathered up into a small knot upon the crown. The children wear it in a long plaited tail behind; perhaps a remnant of the Manchu tyranny which tried, and failed in the attempt, to put upon the Koreans the same head-mark as that submitted to by the more pliable Chinese.

In the little embassy from the ship there was no one who could speak the Korean tongue. Communication was held by the aid of a Chinese servant, who wrote the few questions asked in the characters of his language. Question and answer were written upon paper, and readily interpreted by both Korean and Chinese, though neither could speak one word of the other's tongue. The head-men would not allow the baser sort, of whom a small crowd had already collected, to approach too near. Those who did were waved back, and when signs and orders failed, were beaten backwards with bamboos. The village senate—for such seemed the group of elders who surrounded the venerable head-man—were unarmed, and no member bore even a staff of office.

The not important information asked for being courteously imparted, the boat returned on board. Soon as the bell struck eight the colours were hoisted in accordance with ancient naval custom, and the band played "God save the Queen!" The notes of the music floated across the bay, and the crowd of gazers at the different villages quickly increased. An hour afterwards a boat again pulled in towards the beach, this time carrying a goodly load of visitors. On landing, as before, two grave inhabitants, adorned with the official head-dress, met the visitors and conducted them to the meeting-place beneath the tree. The senate was assembled to receive them. Again the general public was kept at a respectful distance, and by the same argument as before. The aged head-man was courteous, and hospitable withal. An attendant brought forth some native liquor, which was poured into a broad-

mouthed, shallow cup of metal, first tasted by the venerable host—such is the Korean mode—and then handed to the visitors. The liquor, whitish in colour and sour in taste, is possibly akin to the *koumis* of the Tartar tribes. The visit of strangers was evidently not much liked. Still the elders showed a certain grave courtesy, and a somewhat pleasing and even well-bred manner. As the officers from the ship divided into small parties of three and four to explore the island, some slight show of opposition was made. This was overcome, or purposely let pass unnoticed; so two of the little senate accompanied each party. The strangers being young, and eager for exercise after their confinement on board, pushed out quickly for the hills. Inspection of the town was firmly resisted, and with almost complete success; so roads had to be taken to the right and left. Hurrying after the eager visitors could be seen, from the deck of the ship, the two attendant villagers in their high-crowned hats and flowing robes; now lagging half tired out behind, now trotting courageously to regain the party in front, now eagerly waving the fan which all carry, now fluttering it rapidly to cool themselves, for the sun was already high, and the thermometer, even afloat, showed 87° in the shade. When signs had no effect, the visitors were hailed "Chin-chin," the universal salutation on the China coast, believed by the English to be Chinese, and by the Chinese to be English; though in reality it belongs to neither speech. Probably, however, the use of the phrase now is a remnant of former intercourse with Chinese.

Some did actually succeed in traversing the village, and even in seeing the inside of a Korean house. Not a woman was visible; all had been carefully hidden away. The houses are built of wood, with sliding doors and windows, like those of the Japanese. In the front, about the centre, is a recess or open-sided chamber, for reposing in during the summer heats. At one end is a low balcony or verandah, formed by the protruding eaves. A light railing runs round it, and a cool resting-place is thus made. The house-floor is a raised platform, as in Japan, a small portion of which is cut away just within the door, to form a cavity in which, on entering, the shoes or sandals are deposited. The only domestic animals seen were pigs—probably of the Chinese breed—and dogs. In the fields, singly, and in some places in twos and threes, were numerous rounded cones, with a sharp-pointed

thatch upon the roof, which look like huts, but were found to be small granaries for the millet when harvested. At the northern end of the chief village these stood so thick as to bear the semblance of an Indian town.

Two of the island senators who had accompanied one of the parties of officers who had landed, expressed a wish by signs to pay a visit to the ship. No persuasion could get them to go alone. The officers signified their assent to repeated requests to accompany them, and a native boat was launched to take them on board. This frail bark was worked by a man and two boys, who propelled it by a single scull, with the bent handle and straw lashing at the inner end, common in northern China and Japan. The boat itself was of the rudest construction. The sides were fashioned of wide and roughly trimmed planks hewn from some tree of great size. The ends protruded far beyond the stern, and across them, above the water, were laid rows of slender poles offering a fragile deck on which to stand. The passengers, as in the sampans of Amoy and the Straits, sit at the bow.

Arrived alongside the ship, the Korean visitors clambered up the side. On reaching the deck each bowed low, and said, "Chin-chin." One was a fine and even handsome man, six feet high at least, with Caucasian features and a copper-coloured skin. His mouth and chin were fringed with a scanty black beard. On his head was the official hat, but white, not black, like all the others that had been seen. This, it is explained, shows that he is in mourning for his mother, white in the Korea, as in China, being the hue of mourning. The visitors at first showed evident signs of timidity; but, at the same time, were not without a certain amount of swagger, though good manners still held paramount sway. They yielded to invitation, which had to be more than once repeated, and went about the ship looking at the guns, the shot, and the various small arms. Invited to look into the muzzle of a huge twelve-ton piece, they politely and with even graceful gesture, declined. Expression and refusal said plainly, "A thousand thanks; I will assume for your sake that it is wonderful, as you evidently wish that I should." The taller one explained that he understood what the great gun was; he pointed to it, and shouted loudly, "Boom!" thus mimicking the roar of modern artillery. This was so favourably received that he attempted the same mode of ex-

pressing himself when shown the engines, and exclaimed, "Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Invited to descend to the deck on which the seamen mess, they again showed their diffident manner. The sight of Chinese cooks, however, at the cooking-galley seemed to be reassuring; and the strangers proceeded to inspection. As in China, so in the Korea, *nil admirari*, or at least the repression of outward symptoms of admiration, is regarded as essential to good manners. The two strangers tried hard, and for some time successfully, to restrain their feelings. These at last got the better of them. Shown into the ward-room, a well-lighted, and—for a ship at least—a lofty apartment, hung with brightly coloured pictures, and adorned with gilded mouldings, they expressed their admiration loudly in a spontaneous outburst of delight. The taller visitor forgot his mourning, clapped his hands loudly upon the table, inclined his head towards a gorgeous chromo-lithograph, and broke out into a song of joyous delight. Calling for the interpreting paper and pencil, he wrote in rapid but well-formed characters the assertion that all was perfect. Then both he and his friend seated themselves and relapsed into placid admiration and well-bred ease. Above their heads hung the portrait of Queen Victoria. It was explained to them who the august personage was; both rose, stood in front of it, and made it low and reverent obeisance. The gestures were the same as those that still linger in Japan, in spite of the hot haste in adopting Western customs.

Hospitality was thrust upon them in the English manner by the offer of the national beverage. They expected their hosts to taste first, and then they themselves took long sips of the ale. The glasses were put down, and no sign of pleasure or of disgust appeared upon the face of either; but, after a decent interval, the tall Korean called again for paper and pencil, and this time wrote a request that the pale-ale—not, it is true, improved by a voyage half round the world—might be given to his low-born countrymen who worked the boat in which he came on board. After this he was tried with a sweet, highly-flavoured liqueur. Of this both he and his companion altogether approved, and no pressure was needed to induce them to accept a second glass. Opposite to where they sat was a large mirror. Catching sight of the reflections of their faces in this, they rose and stood

immediately in front of it, rectifying meantime defects in their toilet.

The tall visitor, who took the lead in all matters, asked in writing if the band, the strains of which he had probably heard in the morning, might be ordered to play. His request was complied with, and soon stirring sounds of the march of the Pres-brajenski regiment penetrated to the ward-room. The effect was instantaneous and strange. The shorter islander, who seemed older than his companion, and who had a grave and reverent aspect, suddenly brightened up; then, extending his arms horizontally, threw back his head, and began a slow dance in unison with the music. He was evidently sublimely unaware of the strange grotesqueness of his combined levity and solemnity of appearance. The dance was kept up for a minute or two, and reminded one of the strange devotional exercise of the dervishes of Galata. The younger visitor was less moved, but he, too, permitted the effects of the pleasure of the sensation to be distinctly perceived. At length, it was explained to them that they must leave, as the ship was about to sail. They civilly said "farewell," or what seems to be such, and getting into their crazy-looking boat, were sculled towards the shore.

Few on board her failed to regret that they had not been able to see more of this strange people, which has, more consistently and successfully than either Chinese or Japanese, resisted all attempts at intercourse on the part of foreigners. Four years ago, the Americans, who tried to gain access to the country, with a result different from that which followed Commodore Perry's mission to Japan, were led into a conflict with the Koreans, and having undertaken an expedition with insufficient force, were repulsed. Since then, no attempt on the part of a Western nation to penetrate the mysterious exclusiveness of the Korea has been made. Less is known of the country and of the people than of the manners and customs of many savage tribes. What their religion is, is doubtful; and even within a few hundred miles of their shores two totally different accounts of their system of government and polity are given. One authority declares them to be citizens of a republic; another, the despotically governed subjects of an autocratic ruler. At Port Hamilton no temple nor sign of worship (save perhaps veneration of ancestors, as in China and Japan) was visible. The village communities are governed

evidently by a deliberative body; a senate either chosen by age, or a council of leaders selected as in ancient Germany, *ex nobilitate*. There are symptoms of the existence of an aristocracy of birth, or a superior class. Education is widely disseminated; most can write and understand the Chinese characters. Unlike their Japanese neighbours and — if the theory of a Korean immigration into Japan in pre-historic times be accepted — probable descendants, they do not on ordinary occasions go armed. About them there hangs the interest inevitably begotten by mystery, and an interest which approaching events may intensify. The restless party in Japan, which has run such a headlong course on the path of Europeanization, is said to purpose an attack upon the Koreans, simply to "keep in wind" the *Samurai*, the military class which the three or four years that have elapsed since the abolition of feudalism, have been insufficient to absorb. That some intention of the kind passes through the minds of the ruling clique in Japan, is tolerably certain. The native press, in discussing relations with the Korea, treat it as a matter of fact, and the only difference of opinion is as to the pretext. A prominent Japanese newspaper has very recently attributed the warlike aspirations of the hour to the machinations of the less reputable foreigners, who have, as a class, made so much out of the foibles and the innocent mistakes of the Japanese people. A writer in the journal in question infers that they desire to reap again such a harvest as fell to those Occidentals who, in the golden age of Western commerce with Japan, enriched themselves by rather questionable transactions. "They probably desire," hints a writer in this Japanese journal, "to buy worn-out vessels for next to nothing, and sell them to us at exorbitant prices." It will be well if Japan pauses before being led into the dangers of a warlike policy. Going to war "with a light heart" is likely to produce as many ills in the far East as in the West. The imitators of Western manners in Japan know enough of recent history to be aware of the dangers that overtook a dynasty which, to satisfy the desires of a certain class of the population, declared war against a neighbour of unascertained strength with *un cœur léger*. May they profit by the example. The Korea is the last semi-civilized State which has resisted the attempts of foreigners to open intercourse with it. The days of Cortez

and Pizarro are past; it will be a painful burlesque if their career be mimicked by Japan.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF FRANCIS DEAK.

1803-1876.

In the lofty Academic Hall at Pesth, where the remains of the great Hungarian patriot lately stood amidst a nation's sympathetic sorrow, there might be seen on the black drapery with which the marble walls were hung, the escutcheon of the Deak family; showing, in the middle, a pen and a book—a battle-axe crowning the top. In a way, this rare coat of arms prefigured the late statesman's character and life.

For his country's rights he battled manfully, though his own hands never grasped the war-hatchet, which he would have readily buried forever. The pen and the book more fitly symbolize his doings. Public speech and public writings were his only weapons. By these he wrought an extraordinary success; entering his name, with indelible letters, in the checkered history of his fatherland. Yet the battle-axe that surmounted his armorial bearings, and the use of which he personally spurned, had a good deal to do with the triumph of his efforts; for without the repeated favour of warlike events in neighbouring lands, Hungary could not have regained those constitutional rights of which he was the moderate, but steadfast, champion.

The outward career of Francis Deak can scarcely be called an eventful one. His life was one of the simplest. Averse to all show, he neither sought distinction, nor power. No stars or crosses covered his breast; nor would he accept any of those titles which royalty showers upon men it wishes to fetter. The consciousness of having done right was ever enough for him, from early youth down to his dying hour.

Born on October 17, 1803, at Söjhör, in the *comitat* of Zala, the offspring of a family belonging to the lesser nobility, he studied law at Raab. The first training in the knowledge of State affairs he received from a brother—his senior by twenty years. At an early age, we find Francis Deak as a leader of the liberal party in his native *comitat*. The county

assemblies of Hungary have always served as a nursery for political talents—as a preparatory school for greater action in the Diet. When returned, in 1832, for the latter assembly, after the withdrawal of his brother, he rose almost at once to the foremost rank as an opposition speaker.

His bearing, at that time, is described as serious and dignified; of a gravity almost too great for so young a man. Of shortish build; with features by no means striking; the clear and quiet eyes overshadowed by bushy brows; with a good forehead; but otherwise lacking the characteristics that might have marked him as a future leader of men: so he stepped into the Parliament at Pressburg. In bodily form, as well as in temperament, he had few of the peculiarities of his race. But he soon proved himself a very Magyar of Magyars in his profound acquaintance with parliamentary lore; in the fertility of his legal resources; in the copiousness of his vocabulary when a point was to be gained by speaking, as it were, against time; as well as in his wonderful tenacity, which in later years almost served the purposes of a death-defying enthusiasm.

His maiden speech, modest in tone, but showing great tact and full of maturity of judgment, created a deep impression on both sides of the House. Unadorned by any rhetorical flowers; studiously free from all invective or pathetic appeals, his eloquence, entirely of a persuasive kind, mainly influenced the hearer by the logical marshalling of facts and arguments; by the strong array of weapons taken from the arsenal of constitutional legality; by the homely illustrations and quaint anecdotic humour with which the orator relieved his otherwise plain speech. The whole was given in an easy conversational tone, but in well rounded, sometimes even stately periods. Simple common sense marked every utterance. Deak wished to convince, not to rouse and to hurry on, those whom he addressed. Only reluctantly he grappled with an enemy in the strong polemic vein; but then he generally managed to make his foe beware of a future quarrel with him. At a glance it could be seen that, in ordinary times, this youthful, almost precociously wise statesman would exercise a leading influence. But the very strength which he displayed for such an epoch of exclusively legal contests, bore in it a germ of weakness for those mighty revolutionary struggles when an outraged people—to speak with Stauffacher, in Schiller's "Tell"—"boldly reclaims those natural

rights which hang, like stars eternal, in high heaven."

A few more speeches in the Diet brought Deak fully to the front. In the Parliament of 1839-40, he acted already as a prominent party-leader. If the effect of Eötvös' harangues was often marred by rhetorical involution; if Stephan Szechenyi — upon whose mind, in later days, dark clouds lowered — had alternate accessions of sanguine hope and deep despondency, Deak always gave his temperate counsel with clearness and unchanging force. He neither hoped beyond measure, nor ever did despair. The even strength of his nature came but when he fought, at one and the same time, the battle of his country's charter against Habsburg encroachment, and of popular enfranchisement against the harsh feudal rule of the nobles.

Aristocratic privilege, at that time, stalked about rampant and fierce in Hungary, whilst the country was ever and anon the prey of an absolutistic court whose rule was upheld by the sword, by the executioner's axe, by prison torture, and by an inquisitorial censorship of the press. It is difficult for the present generation to understand the character of that sad epoch, when the personal security of every prominent opponent daily trembled in the balance. Deak, from patriotic motives, as well as from noble sympathy with the sufferings of the masses, earnestly strove to bring about home reforms; all the while resisting Metternich's attacks upon his country's constitution. It was a difficult task — this double struggling. The question was, how to combine the existing political forces, which dwelt in a narrow aristocratic circle, against Metternich's system, and, at the same time, so to conduct the campaign against the misgovernment of the magnates as not to weaken too much the cohesion of the Magyar ranks.

Deak's wisdom and energy were equal to both tasks. In open Parliament, and in committee, he was an indefatigable worker. By word of mouth, and by the press, he laboured for the emancipation of the peasantry; for a reform in the administration of justice; for a more equitable distribution of political rights; for the mitigation of social tyranny. Yet, while using the trowel for the building up of a better State structure at home, he had to keep ready the weapon wherewith to hold the despotic foe at bay.

In those days, Hungarian deputies had to go by the instructions of their constituencies, similar to the *cahiers* of the pre-rev-

olutionary era in France. When the committee which Deak represented gave it as its instruction that he should vote for the continued exemption of the aristocracy from taxation, he threw up his mandate and indignantly withdrew for a time from public life. A true Horatian "just man, tenacious of his aim," he would not buy a distinguished position at the price of his principles. But such was already then his influence that nobody dared to fill the place which he had left; so the committee was for a while represented by a single member. In those years of retirement he was not inactive. A well-read jurist, he continued working at a reformed law code, the first draft of which he had elaborated in company with Szalay, and which earned great praise from the eminent German legist, Mittermaier. Studies connected with the Parliamentary system also filled Deak's political leisure. An effort was made to bring him back to Parliament by altering the offensive portion of the instruction. He refused, because questionable means had been employed in a second electoral contest, and because blood had been spilt during the angry excitement of political passions. Above all things he abhorred any act of violence.

Only by fair and pure means would he obtain a success. His aversion to the use of force went so far as to render him, afterwards, when the revolutionary tempest came, more a victim of the foes than a help to the friends of his country's cause. He had all the law-abiding perseverance, all the unbending firmness, all the qualities of mixed modesty and courage of Hampden and Pym. No better parallel could be found for him, as regards the main substance of his character, than among the doughty men who preceded the English Commonwealth. But as soon as the ground of strict legality was left, he felt out of his place, and became practically powerless.

Towards the end of 1847, when the signs of a coming tempest broke forth on the European horizon, Deak came back to the Diet. Its leading members had often, during his non-appearance in public, sought his private counsel. Now, a powerful party again placed itself under his acknowledged leadership. Already the drift of the movement began, however, to set towards a different goal. We find him acting together with Kossuth; but even then it might have been seen that the paths of the two men would soon diverge.

After the revolution of March 1848,

when Vienna rose with the strength of a young giant, and Milan drove out the armed host of its oppressor, Deak became minister of justice in the cabinet of Count Káthyany. In the stormy movements which now swept over the face of Europe, he did not appear to great advantage. The moderantism to which his whole nature inclined unfitted him for the rough task of coping with a tyranny that had only been cowed, but not crushed. Generally a cautious but observant man, he seemed in those days to lack even the foresight which looks far ahead into an enemy's probable tactics. Reforms in the domain of justice he firmly advocated and carried out. Trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and similar questions of deep home import, had his fullest attention. But in matters affecting the political situation at large he did not come up to the height of a great historical moment.

Whilst the strongest real guarantees were required to uphold the newly-born freedom against a possible and only too probable treachery, he was content with a mere royal rescript. At the risk of his whole popularity, he urged his own trustful view against the party which then began to gather round Kossuth. To the proposition that Prince Metternich's name should be erased from the roll of Hungarian magnates Deak offered a strenuous opposition. This was a fault, even from the point of view of moderate constitutionalism—which at any rate had to break with the despotic past.

Very rightly he recommended that friendly relations should be entered into with the National Constituent Assembly of Germany by means of a semi-diplomatic mission to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Hungary's separate political existence was thus clearly marked off. In Italian affairs, he failed to understand the drift of the time. Going by the stipulations of the old Pragmatic Sanction, he, a liberal, gave his support to the demand of the court of Vienna that Hungary should furnish troops to help in the overthrow of the Italian cause. In this, it is true, he only did that which even Kossuth had temporarily sanctioned. Written law, which Deak had so often used in support of his own country's rights, was thus made to serve as a chain wherewith to bind another nation rightfully struggling for independence. Yet, could there be a doubt even for a moment that, if the house of Habsburg were victorious against the Italian "rebels," it would speedily lead its troops, fresh from victory, against the Hungarian insurgents?

"I love progress, but not revolution!" Deak was wont to say. But in the midst of a revolution, there was no choice for any one standing in the front but to be hammer or anvil. The situation was given; no individual likings were of any avail. Events had to be resolutely used for the furtherance of freedom—or else the floodgates of absolutism would be forced open, and every liberty that had been gained be swamped by an ugly rush of reaction. For a moment, the prospects of Hungary had seemed bright in the early part of 1848. Equality of rights was decreed for its manifold races, some of which had, before that time, held the unenviable position of a mere "*misera plebs contribuens, optima flens, pessima ridens.*" Such, indeed, had once been the cruel saying which declared the wretched hind to be at his best when, bathed in tears, he paid his scot; and at his worst, when he felt in a mood for laughter.

Unfortunately, the fierce passions of race-hatred, kindled by dynastic guile, soon ran riot at the expense of that liberty which had been decreed for all, and which all might have equally enjoyed. A discordance of tribes marks the whole east of Europe. Not only in Turkey, but in Hungary, and even in Poland, odd fragments of races are heterogeneously huddled together, as stray remnants and sediments of the migration drifts. In Austrian Galicia, where the Polish race, properly so called, is broken in by a Ruthenian population which holds an intermediate position between the Poles, or Lechs, and the Russians, Prince Metternich, in 1846, was able to make use of this tribal antagonism, as well as of the class feuds between the peasants and the nobles, in order to quell a patriotic Polish movement by a cruel massacre.

In Hungary, after the enthusiastic rising of 1848, the smouldering embers of race-hatred were soon fanned by the Mephistophelic agency of an imperialist *camarilla*. Hungary is a polyglot country. Within its precincts there are Magyars and Slaves, Germans and Roumans; nationalities differing from one another in origin and speech as much as the Turks do from the Muscovites, or the English from the Italians. Besides these chief races, there is a medley of Arnauts, Bulgars, Armenians, Gipsy clans, and so forth, which go to eke out the many-coloured State edifice between the Carpathian range and the Danube. In this confusion of tribes and tongues, the Magyars hold the central and most compact

position, geographically as well as in politics.

An Ugrian, Turanian race, tracing its descent from an eastern nomadic tribe, that rushed into Europe like a whirlwind, the Magyars have since early ages displayed a capacity for self-government fully equal to that of nations boasting of an Anglo-Saxon descent. In the midst of apparently disheartening difficulties, they succeeded in imprinting a common political stamp upon a country made up of the most variegated elements. Strong-handed conquerors at first, they gradually, of late, set to work to change mere aristocratic privilege into an equality of civic rights. If the German element of Hungary represented general culture, the Magyars were the political mainstay of the realm. Without them, the country fell back into chaos—a ready victim of absolutistic statecraft.

All Magyars know by what dangers they are surrounded. Deak, as a Magyar, could not deceive himself on that point; and what had occurred in Galicia must have served him as a warning example. Perhaps his extreme moderation, in his dealings with the Austrian government, arose from the consciousness of these ever-lurking dangers. The camarilla in the Hofburg, did, however, take no account of such moderation. It fretted and chafed under the defeat which it had suffered at the hands of the people of Vienna, Pesth, and Milan. Its whole energy was given to the thought as to how the tables could be first turned upon the Magyars by means of the Slavs. If the Magyars were once got down, then, forsooth, the turn of the German Austrians was to come.

To effect such a reaction, a base game of treachery was enacted, almost unparalleled in history. Jellacic, the governor of Croatia, who made the first armed attack upon the new order of things in Hungary, was in secret league with the court of Vienna. Deposed, degraded, styled a "rebel" by imperial letter, he had all the while the clandestine support of the emperor Ferdinand, or rather of the intriguing clique which made use of that half-witted monarch as a puppet. Field officers, artillery, ammunition were sent through Ferdinand's minister of war, Latour, to the banus of Croatia, whilst official decrees apparently deprived him of all his civil and military functions. Thus, an insurrection of Croats, Serbs, and Valachs was cunningly fanned against the Hungarian cause. When the day for avowing the real object came, the emperor-

king, by an order dated September 4, 1848, revoked the decree against the "rebel;" expressed his high approval of the conduct of his "faithful Jellacic;" suspended the constitution; proclaimed martial law; and appointed the "rebel" as his plenipotentiary for the kingdom of Hungary; investing him with unlimited authority to act in the name of his Majesty within the said kingdom.*

"The king was a traitor." By the more far-seeing, this had long been suspected. With good reason, Kossuth, anticipating coming events, had kept up relations with the popular leaders at Vienna. German Austrians and Magyars had a common foe: the Slav reaction, championed by Croats, Serbs, and Czechs. Between the capitals of Hungary and Austria there was, therefore, a sympathetic chord. On the treachery of the ruling house becoming manifest, action without delay was urgently needed. Almost on the spur of the moment, higher resolutions had to be formed than suited the steady-going, but somewhat lawyer-like, character of the leader of the moderate constitutionalists. Deak, discouraged and disconcerted, hastened to Vienna, making a last hopeless attempt. From the lips of Archduke Franz Karl he learnt that all was lost—that Hungary had only to choose between submission or revolution.

Thereupon Deak withdrew from the ministry. Henceforth, though Bathany stood at the head of the new cabinet, the chief part naturally fell to Lewis Kossuth, the idol of the masses, the popular orator and bold writer, the gifted leader of the advanced party, who—with an almost Oriental style of eloquence, very dissimilar from that of Deak—combined an active fervour and an ambition deeply impatient of the continuance of royal and imperial rule. In Parliament, Deak still stayed for a short time after his resignation as a minister. But his political occupation was gone. His last public act, during the tragic events of war which now became the order of the day, was his appearance before Prince Windischgrätz, the imperial commander, as a member of a deputation from the Hungarian Diet. Counts Anthony and George Majlath, Count Lewis Bathany, and Archbishop Lonowicz were with him—truly no republicans of very deep dye!

* For a succinct, but telling, account of these events see the letters, originally addressed to the *Daily News* and *Times*, by Sabbas Vucovics, late minister of justice, and by Bartholomew Szemere, late minister of the Interior, in Hungary; reprinted in "Speeches of Kossuth," edited by Francis W. Newman.

"I do not treat with rebels!" was the harsh exclamation with which Prince Windischgrätz received these deputies.

Seeing all hope of a peaceful solution at an end, Deak gave up his seat in Parliament, and refused to obey the summons to Debreczyn, whither the representatives of the people had withdrawn for greater safety. Amidst the clangour of arms, the expounder of legality remained silent. Meanwhile, the Hungarian rising, so ably and heroically led, but so dangerously assailed by counter-insurrections of hostile tribes from within, fell before the twofold attack of the armies of the kaiser and the czar. After the terrible catastrophe of Vilagos, and the sanguinary overthrow of the nation's cause, Deak passed nearly ten years in absolute retirement; living in the small town of Kehida, near which some of his family estates lay. For all that could humanly be foreseen, he might have gone down to his grave without seeing a ray lighting up the dark night of reaction in which his country was enveloped.

II.

A DEEP gloom had settled over the countries under Habsburg sway. At Vienna, Robert Blum, Messenhauser, Bacher, and other champions of the German popular cause were in their gory graves, riddled with court-martial bullets. In Italy, the work of reconquest was completed by leisurely conducted fusillades. On the gallows at Arad, the hangman of his imperial, royal, and — aye! — apostolic Majesty had strung up eminent Magyar generals and statesmen by the dozen. By drum-head law, men were condemned to be hung; an imperial "pardon" now and then graciously allowed them to be shot. For women there was Haynau's whip.

A palace revolution in the Austrian capital, led by the archduchess Sophia, with the aid of a high council of generals ("hohe Generalität," as the technical term was), had dethroned the half-witted Ferdinand, who seemed to be an obstacle to the continuance of sanguinary deeds, and appointed in his stead the youthful Francis Joseph, a boy of eighteen, for whom his mother, the archduchess, practically ruled as a regent. The sabre and the crozier were now the symbols of government. By negotiations with the Vatican, the bases of a concordat were laid, which placed the whole intellectual life of the people at the mercy of a hierarchical inquisition. There was no impediment to the execution of

the wildest dreams of a reaction gone mad. At least, so it appeared for a time to the politicians of the cabinet and the camarilla. In such a situation the very name of Francis Deak was forgotten.

For the first time there arose, then, that imperialist doctrine which would not acknowledge any marks of distinction between the several component parts of the "Austrian empire." It is true, even Lord Palmerston, in 1849, when Hungary was yet struggling for her rights, had said, in reply to those who wished for the recognition of the Magyar commonwealth, that he "knew of no Hungary, but only of an Austrian empire." That assertion of Lord Palmerston did, however, not tally with public law.* Down to 1849, Hungary had been a separate kingdom, so far as its constitution and the tenure of royal power were concerned — a kingdom as clearly marked off from Austria proper as is Norway at present from Sweden, or as was Hanover from England during the time when English kings were at the same time German prince-electors. Hungary had a charter of her own. Her king was only a king after he had sworn a special constitutional oath. The confines of the Hungarian realm were distinct and unmistakable. Its soil was even girded by a cordon of custom-houses, forming a com-

* After the overthrow of the Hungarian rising, Lord Palmerston certainly spoke out — that is to say, in a private letter — against the atrocities of the Austrian government, whom he styled "the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilized men." He wrote: — "Their late exploit of flogging forty odd people, including two women, at Milan, some of the victims being gentlemen, is really too blackguard and disgusting a proceeding. As to working upon their feelings of generosity and gentlemanlikeness, that is out of the question, because such feelings exist not in a set of officials who have been trained up in the school of Metternich; and the men in whose minds such inborn feelings have not been crushed by court and office power, have been studiously excluded from public affairs, and can only blush in private for the disgrace which such things throw upon their country. But I do hope that you will not fail constantly to bear in mind the country and the government which you represent, and that you will maintain the dignity and the honour of England by expressing openly and decidedly the disgust which such proceedings excite in the public mind in this country. . . . You might surely find an opportunity of drawing Schwarzenberg's attention to these matters, which may be made intelligible to him, and which a British ambassador has a right to submit to his consideration." (See letter to Lord Ponsonby, of September 9, 1849, in "The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, 1846-1865," by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.) Very brave words these were of Lord Palmerston — after he had taken sides against Hungary. What he said of the atrocities committed by the generals and officials of the Austrian kaiser, might, no doubt, have been said also of the deeds of the victorious reaction all through Europe — including that new night of St. Bartholomew of December 2, 1851, whose perpetrator Lord Palmerston, only consulting himself, hastened to acknowledge as a lawful ruler, whilst the streets still ran with the blood of the defenders of the constitution.

mercial division in addition to the political one. A "province" of an "Austrian empire" Hungary therefore was not. The very name of *Kaiser-Staat*, or empire, only dated from the beginning of the present century, when Francis II. was compelled, through the misfortunes of war in the struggle against Napoleon, to lay down the imperial crown of Germany, and to declare that empire, which had lasted for nearly a thousand years, to be dissolved. As a slight solace, he then assumed, under the name of Francis I., the title of "kaiser" for his own dominions. Constitutionally, Hungary was not affected thereby. For her the Austrian emperor remained simply a king. All this had ever been regarded as self-understood by men like Deak, and by all the living political forces in Hungary.

But now, in return for the declaration resolved upon at Debreczyn, which had pronounced the forfeiture of the "crown of St. Stephen" by the house of Habsburg-Lorraine, the kaiser declared, on his part, the Hungarians to have lost their national existence and their charter through the fact of rebellion. It was done on the *Verwirkungs-Theorie*, the theory of forfeiture, to use the special phrase of the time. Henceforth Hungary was to be ruled according to the mere pleasure of the monarch; all representative institutions, both in State affairs and in local matters, being set aside by a stroke of the pen, or rather of the sword. There was to be a "centralized Austria," under the black-yellow flag, held together by iron bands; the whole overshadowed by the cowl.

Yet the scheme of triumphant tyranny would not work; neither on this, nor on the other side of the Leitha. In the face of their haughty oppressor—who, the better to mark the relation in which he stood to the people of his capital, would never (from 1848 down to 1860) show himself in public in any other than a soldier's garb—the Viennese maintained an attitude of sullenness all the more galling to the court, because it formed so strong a contrast to the good-natured and forgiving temper of that pleasure-loving, but withal free-minded, population. Even so would the Lombards and Venetians not be weaned from their eager wish for a union with their Italian brethren. In Galicia, the idea of Polish nationality was kept alive with a view to future possibilities. In Hungary, the attempt of Prince Schwarzenberg to make the Magyars yield ready obedience to the rule of the

sword, failed miserably. So did the more liberal, but still anti-Hungarian, policy of Herr von Schmerling, who sought to found a centralized Austria on the constitutional principle.

After various kaleidoscopic changes in Habsburg politics, which all came to nothing, Deak was at last sounded as to whether he would help government in mending things. He firmly declined. Several times approached in the same way, he always gave the same reply. "There is no Hungarian constitution in force," he answered; "and without that constitution, I am simply Deak, and can do nothing." During the Bach ministry he once remarked in regard to a new constitutional experiment, that the Austrian minister had "wrongly buttoned his political coat, and that there was nothing left for him but to unbutton it, and to begin afresh." On hearing this expression of Deak, Bach said, "Perhaps we had better cut off the buttons!" Deak replied, "But then the coat could not be buttoned at all!"

In times of great oppression, a few winged words go far as an embodiment of public opinion. Quips from the retired Hungarian statesman soon became a staple stock in political talk. When a second recruitment for the army was intended in one and the same year, Deak said, in answer to a question put to him, "That will not do for Hungary! Women here are wont to bear children only once a year!"

The rough barrack rule of Schwarzenberg; the bigoted Jesuitical sway of Bach; the federalist maxims of Goluchowski; the emasculated parliamentary system of Schmerling—all failed in turn. Schmerling's notion of a constitution was that of a convenient machinery for raising money, and passing enactments, with no "right of resistance" against lawless royal and imperial decrees attached to it. The Hungarian idea of a constitution, as upheld once more towards 1859 by Deak, was that of a historical covenant, somewhat like the old Arragonese charter; the king being only a lawful king after having sworn to observe the ground-law of the nation, and only remaining a sovereign so long as he fulfilled his part of the compact—not longer. In this sense, the trusty leader of the moderate constitutionalists came now again to the front. Though he had been inactive for so many years, he at once attracted a large following. He was called the "Conscience of the Nation." People looked upon him as a kind of

"Aristides." The "Sage," the "Just"—such were the titles of honour plentifully bestowed upon him during this second epoch of his public career.

It was after the deep humiliation of the kaiser on the Lombard plain in 1859, that Hungary won her first triumph. Without that military event, all the exertions of Deak would have been of little avail. The defender of constitutional legality, who personally discountenanced the use of force, could never have made his voice in the Hofburg so impressive as the roar of guns. Yet, years afterwards, he who in the Hungarian Diet had once manifested his sympathy with the Polish cause, set his face, after Cavour's death, against any solemn celebration in honour of the Italian statesman. Italian Democrats—Garibaldi before all—may have cause to hold Cavour in a different estimate from what the world at large does, which only looks to outward success. Deak's opposition came from narrower views. If he, even after the striking changes that had taken place in Europe, still bore a grudge to Cavour, it was because his own constitutionalism was of a somewhat cramped cast, formed in the mould of the Pragmatic Sanction. But these blemishes, though slightly marring, leave unimpaired his great merits.

For seven years after the loss of Lombardy by Austria, Deak carried on the legal battle for the fuller recognition of Hungarian claims. "A country's rights," he used to say, "are not private property that can be freely disposed of." The more advanced elements, at that time, began to gather round Teleki, in whom the principles of 1849 were still vivid. After the mysterious death of Count Teleki—who, in the last interview I had with him, seemed to hope for a rapid development of public spirit in Hungary, in the sense of the previous revolutionary epoch—Francis Deak became the undisputed leader of the liberal party.

In vain did Kossuth endeavour to cross Deak's path. Whilst the latter strove to regain for Hungary the time-honoured rights of self-government in an amended constitutional form, the exiled leader came out with a programme which would have overthrown the historical basis of the country, and opened the flood-gates of panslavism upon the Magyar race. Down to the Crimean war, Kossuth had been the steadfast champion of the Magyar nationality. Before 1848, he had even, now and then, overstepped the boundary which the strangely mixed condition of

Hungary naturally indicates to a statesman when the conflicting claims of race and speech are to be settled. Towards Croats and Serbs, Kossuth had almost been an ultra-Magyar. At all events, he had his eyes wide open to the dangers of panslavism. This line of thought strongly marks still his powerful speeches in England and in the United States between 1851 and 1852, when he styled panslavism "a Russian plot—a dark design to make, out of national feelings, a tool for Russian preponderance over the world."*

In his harangues during the Crimean war, which were apparently calculated to urge a more efficient strategy, some expressions occurred, however, which showed that he was entering on a new line. Shortly before Louis Napoleon attacked Austria in Italy, Kossuth declared that he would ally himself even to the devil, in order to overthrow the house of Habsburg; that he would accept aid from anywhere—never mind whether Louis Napoleon or the czar were held to represent the devil. Kossuth's former principles were thus thrown overboard. His connection with the court of the Tuileries soon afterwards became a public fact. His connection with Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin ceased.

These circumstances must be taken into account when judging of the nature of his proposal for the establishment of a Danubian confederacy, by which he sought to traverse the policy of Deak. The aims of Deak may have been modest enough. His ideas of parliamentary autonomy under the old ruling house may not have exercised much charm upon the mind of men that remembered the heroic deeds of the Revolution. But at any rate, Deak's procedure preserved the existence of the Hungarian nation; whereas Kossuth's scheme actually threatened to swamp it.

"I cannot sign Kossuth's programme, even though I might personally have no objection to the idea of a Danubian confederacy," said to me, at the time, one of the foremost army leaders of the Hungarian revolution; "I cannot sign it, because at home I should be looked upon as a traitor!"

Kossuth's plan, in fact, was this. Hungary, with her annexes—comprising, as she does even now, so many discordant tribes that the Magyar nationality is much hemmed in by them—was to be enlarged into a "Danubian Confederacy" by the addition of Roumania, Servia, and—a

* See his "Speeches," edited by F. W. Newman.

vague indication! — "the countries allied to it." Whole Turkey north of the Balkan was thus to be joined to the Hungarian realm. Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgars — tribes either Slavonian or half-slavonized — were to be thrown into this enlarged tate. Hungary, as it is, forms already, in nationalities and tongues, a Babylonian structure. Yet Kossuth proposed to render that confusion even worse confounded; or, more strictly speaking, he wished to call in new national elements which would have entirely overwhelmed the Magyar race!

According to his scheme, the seat of the executive of the new state was to be, in turns, at Pesth, Bukarest, Belgrad, and Agram. That is to say, in one case, in a semi-Magyar town; in the other three cases, in non-Magyar cities, two of which are hotbeds of panslavist agitation. A constituent assembly was to fix the official language of the confederacy. At a first glance, everybody could see that the result of such a choice would be in favour of some Slav tongue, and against the Magyar language. The scheme was rightly spurned by the Magyar leaders. Passion ran high; and some of Kossuth's adversaries brought to mind that, at the close of the Revolution of 1849, he had proposed to offer the crown of Hungary to a prince of the imperial family of Russia.

A second great defeat of the Austrian kaiser on the field of battle, in 1866, enabled Deak to wring from the government at Vienna a fuller legislative autonomy than it had been ready before to grant. Deak, on that occasion, did not raise his constitutional terms. He simply repeated them. He might, after Sadowa, have gone much further in his demands, with reasonable hope of success. But, partly from his training as a strict parliamentary legist, partly because he would not strain things so far as to cut off the Magyars wholly from the German connection, and thus isolate them amidst jealous or hostile races, Deak remained content with a lesser concession.

After new laborious negotiations, the present state of things was established, which on most essential points renders the Magyar realm independent from Cis-Leithan Austria. To-day, Hungary has once more her old landmarks, and her time-honoured ground-law, modified by the reforms of 1848. Her ruler, placed under a special coronation oath, is recognized only as king. The name of Hungary figures, in all State documents, on equal terms with that of Austria. The Honveds

who had fought against the kaiser are acknowledged as having merited well of the fatherland. The rank of general has been given back to Klapka, Perczel, Vetter, once foremost among the military chiefs of the Revolution. Men who once narrowly escaped the gallows have been placed in the highest positions. Count Andrassy himself belongs to that class. In short, the restoration of self-government is well-nigh as complete as it could possibly be under royal rule.

This was Deak's crowning achievement. As the "Father of the Restored Constitution of Hungary," he henceforth had marks of esteem and respect showered upon him from all sides. The people, when speaking of him, used quaint names of endearment; and all kinds of tales about his daily doings cropped up. To the queen-empress Elizabeth, whose favourite sojourn has of late years been the castle of Gödöllő, near Pesth, he became "Cousin Deak," or "Uncle Deak;" so, at least, the popular myth would have it. Meanwhile the great Hungarian patriot never gave up his wonted simplicity of life; a hater, as he was, of all pride and pomp. His bachelor abode at Pesth consisted of two rooms, at an ordinary hotel — the "Queen of England." His landed property he had transferred to other hands for a small annuity. He lived in the most frugal style; was a total abstainer (a rare thing, indeed, in a country famous for good wine!); but, on the other hand, an inveterate smoker. He aged rather soon, and was styled "*alter Herr*" and "patriarch" at a time when other statesmen still pride themselves on their vigour. His modesty, his retiring disposition, never forsook him. Having nothing about his personality that could be called impressive, he might, in his *sombrero* hat and his Neapolitan mantle, have passed unobserved in a crowd; but a nation's admiring looks followed his steps, in spite of his occasional strong protests against every ovation.

An unselfish man; not a republican by conviction, yet distinguished by an incorruptibility reminding us of the noblest models of republican virtue, Deak declined all favours from the court. To the question, more than once addressed to him confidentially by the court, as to what he wished, he uniformly replied, "I am not in want of anything." At last, on the advice of one of his ministers, Francis Joseph sent him a royal family portrait, in a frame of pure gold, set with costly gems. "It would look like a present of money," Deak said; "I cannot accept that!"

Taking the picture from the rich frame, he sent back the latter with his thanks and compliments. All decorations he also refused to accept—much to the annoyance of the king-emperor, who, in the *alter Herr's* off-hand manner, seemed to detect a slight upon the crown. Deak's constant resolve was to remain independent. No calumny could touch so disinterested a character.

Of late years, Deak's influence, though still an extensive one, gradually waned. A more advanced party came up, which, under Koloman Tisza, is now in power, and some of whose members aim at the establishment of a strict "personal union" that would entail the separation of the military forces of Hungary from those of Austria proper. It has been much remarked that Mr. Ghyzy, the president of the House of Commons at Pesth, in his speech on the life and career of Francis Deak, said: "He did not give us complete autonomy and independence, such as a nation may have under the rule of a prince; but he has given us that which could be attained within the existing political framework." From these words it may be inferred that a more thorough separation from Cis-Leithan Austria is the aim of an influential party in Hungary.

The death of the great patriot (January 29) has occurred at a moment when new storm-clouds are drifting over the Austro-Hungarian horizon. The opening up of the Eastern question has emboldened once more the so-called Slavonian court party at Vienna. Reactionary Federalists and Centralists are already in eager expectancy. The political danger is enhanced by the contest between the upholders of the free-trade system in Hungary, and the protectionists in the western part of the Habsburg dominions. At present, the outlook is dark indeed. Francis Deak had seen the triumph of his country's cause; but, before closing his eyes, he also saw fresh perils gathering round it. He had fought his battles well for his nation's rights and for the extension of popular freedom; and though new struggles may soon have to be gone through by Hungary, no fitter words could be applied in his honour than those written on a garland laid on his bier,—"*Fading flowers for never-fading merit.*"

KARL BLIND.

From The Spectator.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH ON SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH delivered last Sunday, in Edinburgh, the first of a series of lectures on the Christian doctrine of sin, and dwelt in his opening address chiefly on the bearing which the recognition of the fact of sin should have on the modern theory of evolution. He pointed out that there is nothing in Christian teaching in the least inconsistent with the theory of development of which Mr. Darwin, for instance, is the chief exponent. What is inconsistent with it is the notion, he said, that everything can be accounted for as a mere growth out of antecedent states, and that all divine agency is excluded; that nature is not merely a sphere of action, but the acting power itself, beyond which there is nothing. That the doctrine of evolution, by natural selection or in any other way, may describe the true method in which life rises from the lower to the higher levels, Principal Tulloch not only did not deny, but held it to be in every sense consistent with the evolution of conscious life, as we know it ourselves on those higher levels. It is no longer supposed, as he very justly remarked, that theology is merely the classified arrangement of Scriptural teachings properly interpreted, it is held by all the better thinkers to be the vital growth of the moral and spiritual experience of man as enlightened by Scripture, and its business is to trace the various links in the organized structure of Christian history and thought. Now, if this be true, so far is a doctrine of gradual evolution of the forms of life from being inconsistent with Christian teaching, it is but the anticipation in lower stages of creation of the highest application of that teaching. Only, just as in interpreting the gradual development of Christian doctrine and Christian thought, we never think of assuming that the later stage is nothing but the earlier stage in transformation, but rather assume that the later stage is a fuller unfolding of that divine mind which was less perfectly seen in the earlier stage, so with regard to physical evolution, the assumption of the Christian faith is that it is the divine power which is seen in evolution throughout all the stages of the gradual growth of life, only more fully manifested in the more complex organisms of the higher creation than in the simpler organisms of the lower. Christian faith has not only nothing to say against evolution, but recognizes evolu-

tion as one of the most important phases in the method of revelation itself. But such faith is wholly inconsistent with the radical idea dominating materialistic conceptions of evolution,—namely, that the process of growth really explains the cause as well as the history of life on the earth,—and also with the radical idea dominating the view of Matthew Arnold and the modern Dutch school of divines,—that there is nothing but an abstract ideal which is higher than man, that religion is only “morality touched with emotion,” and God an expression for “a stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,” in other words, not the foundation of our life, but its visionary goal. Now with both these conceptions as Dr. Tulloch showed, the Christian teaching as to sin,—a teaching which, like all other similar lessons of the Church, had its history of gradual growth, and was no more fully developed at first than the doctrine of divine grace,—is entirely inconsistent. If sin represent a fact at all in human experience, it is a fact which cannot be explained on the principle of finding in every new phase of existence nothing but the transformed shape of some antecedent state of existence. If sin were to the previous condition of circumstances and character what the blossom is to the bud, or the fruit to the blossom, then though it might be a morbid growth, a parasitic growth, a growth tending to disfigure and ruin the character out of which it grows, it would no more call for remorse, or penitence, or judgment, than the gall-apple on the oak, or water on the brain. Yet the attempt to eliminate the sense of sin from human consciousness is just as ineffectual as the attempt to eliminate the sense of cause and effect, or the sense of hope and fear. The “historical method,” as it is called, which recognizes everything as having some real right to an appropriate commemoration in the life of man which is found alike in all ages, and developed as the life of the race is developed, demands that the sense of sin should be recognized as a constituent part of human history, no less than the feeling for art, or the thirst for knowledge, or the life of imagination. Indeed, it is far more pervading than any of these. While they are developed by only a portion of the community, the moral feeling of deep self-reproach and remorse for voluntary evil is shared by all, not least by the most ignorant who do not participate at all in the life of culture or of abstract thought.

In the early history of every people, it is indeed remarkable how uniformly the nation feels that all its guilt or goodness is shared by all, that the penalty of impiety will light upon all alike, even when it seems to be due only to the acts of a few. As the Jews recognized that Egypt suffered for the tyranny of its king, and themselves expected that, in the long wanderings of the wilderness, all would incur the penalty of acts committed only by a few,—as the Athenians regarded their whole city as liable to a curse for the acts of desecration committed by a few thoughtless youths,—so the early literature of all nations is full of the Nemesis which descends on one member of a family for the sins of his ancestors, a conception of which the earliest dogmatic trace is probably found in the story of the fall and the wide extermination which followed it in the flood. It will be said that this fact only proves that, originally at least, sin is no more distinguished from the antecedent conditions from which it is “evolved,” than other human characteristics or qualities; that the peculiar remorse attending it, whatever it may be due to, is not due to any keen sense of personal responsibility. But it might be as well said that because in a dim light we cannot distinguish from each other the shadows of contiguous objects, we have no impression of the true meaning of a shadow. The line of discrimination between the range of the suffering, and the exact range of personal or tribal responsibility for the suffering, is necessarily a delicate line to draw. Society is so constituted, especially in its earlier stages, that it sins and suffers collectively,—that it is often impossible to distinguish who is and who is not responsible for a calamity which overshadows all alike. Early tribes were units, rather than collections of units. What they did was done perhaps by the chief, but then the chief carried the whole tribe with him, and what he did, they consented to. In such cases, the sense of sin was necessarily almost as collective as the suffering which came of it. No one was in the same way separately responsible as in more individualized societies, but no one was in the same way distinctly innocent of the guilt. It is only in later stages of society that it is possible to distinguish effectually between the range of the guilt and the range of the suffering caused by that guilt, which last necessarily spreads far beyond the limits of the guilt itself. When a whole city trembles because one or two of that city have done something impious, as Athens trembled at

the mutilation of the Hermes, it is probable that all feel, though not perhaps responsible for the impiety, yet accountable for the moral recklessness and selfish audacity which caused the impiety. Athenian awelessness seemed almost the contradiction of Athenian superstition, but the Athenian mob felt in some dim way, we presume, that the cruel awelessness of the young scapegraces, and the cruel superstition which cried out for vengeance on them, were somehow a growth of the same stock. And to us, looking back at the history of Judæa and Athens, the real identity between the impiety of individual offenders, and the cruel vindictiveness which asked for vengeance on them as a mode of absolving the people from the consequences of such offences, seems plain enough. But as the history of a race develops, the time inevitably comes when finer distinctions are rendered necessary between sin and suffering, and when the notion of expiation is connected rather with the voluntary disinterestedness of more than human love, than with the compulsory suffering of arbitrarily chosen victims. The notion of sin is individualized, the range of the collective suffering which comes from it is better defined, and the conception of the intense and yet willing suffering which is its only adequate cure, comes out in its full grandeur in the doctrine of atoning love.

Thus, as Principal Tulloch truly urges, the history of the sense of sin is the truest example of the sort of "evolution" which should be our standard in interpreting the sense to be attached to lower kinds of evolution. In the first instance, the ideas of guilt, responsibility, punishment, expiation are all more or less confused in a vague notion of common evil, common penalty, and common hope of some sort of penance and purification. Then gradually the guilt is discriminated from the penalty, and the penalty from the expiation. It is seen that the doers of evil cannot suffer alone, but that they suffer differently, and in a much more permanent way, than those who only share the evil consequences and not the evil of the cause; and again, it is felt that those who only share involuntarily the evil consequences are in no way helping to remove the evil cause, while the divine love which accepts voluntarily, and for the sake of the guilty, that pain, of the origin of which it was quite innocent, is restoring the moral order which the guilty broke. Now, can "evolution" of this sort be in any sense the mere growth of more organized out of less organized structures?

Does not the whole story imply the conception of a divine horror of sin, and a more and more complete discrimination of its origin, its consequences, and its remedy, every step in which renders the divine ground-work of creation more evident? Surely Principal Tulloch is right in saying that the theistic and Christian conception of evolution excludes the idea of the growth of the higher forms of life out of the lower, and requires that of the gradual revelation of divine purposes which in the earlier stages of human life are only roughly and dimly discerned.

From The Spectator of March 18.
THE HURRICANES.

FROM Sunday morning to Wednesday night, the north-west corner of Europe was in so much tumult of all kinds from the vagaries of the gases, liquids, and powdered solids which make up the envelope of our little planet, that only an earthquake, when the very foundations of things begin to tumble and collapse, could have created more alarm. No doubt an atmosphere is a most essential provision for human existence, and planets like the moon, which have none, are very desolate wastes indeed; but the vivacity which an atmosphere no doubt produces seems to be rather in excess of what is suitable to such creatures as we are, when rivers, in one place, are heaped up into water-spouts "to the height of a house,"—as the Rhine is stated to have been at Coblenz; when omnibus-drivers are beheaded by a wandering telegraph-wire in another; when, in a third place, farmers are entangled and starved to death in that fine white powder which is the only solid held by the atmosphere in reserve against human enterprise; when roofs of churches are swept into the windows of the neighbouring houses, and great blocks of stone are driven from the cliffs like so many hailstones, in other quarters; and when in some European capitals there is a hat and wig and chignon and umbrella storm quite as severe and much more grotesque than the rain and hailstorms with which it is mixed up; most of all, when in the great cities planted on the banks of rivers large suburbs are suddenly turned into lakes, and houses fall like children's playthings beneath the swirling tide. The snow-storm of Sunday and the tornado which lasted in fits till Wednesday morning were real lessons in what the apparently very

modest agencies of our atmosphere could do, if by any chance the force which drove them about were permitted to be for any length of time animated by a mad and frantic spirit of destruction. We are told now on all hands that invisible agencies of great physical capacity can be exerted through persons called "mediums," agencies quite equal to driving heavy furniture about rooms, and sending ponderous gentlemen and musical boxes sailing away under the ceiling. Well, suppose a band of these remarkable agencies, which seem to take so much delight in what is called "materialization," should get hold of the atmosphere for a few weeks at a time, and make it perform the mad tricks which tables and chairs are asserted to perform by the "Spiritualists." Macbeth's witches evidently had some such notion in their heads, and boasted that the object of their spite should be tempest-tossed, though his ship could not be utterly destroyed. And it does seem as if it might be easier for spirits to raise the wind, and let the wind thus raised float the heavy objects which they now exert themselves so much to drive about the rooms in which *séances* are held, than to make these great mechanical efforts directly, themselves. At a superficial guess, at all events, pneumatic exertations would seem to be more in a spirit's way than the habit of discharging heavy projectiles. They always used to be called the "powers of the air," and there can be no doubt but that, if they want to do mischief, the air is a very wide sphere of influence for them.

So far from its being a marvel that we now and then have these tremendous disturbances in the atmosphere, the marvel ought to be that, considering the perfect fluidity of the transparent and invisible medium which is wrapped round the earth, its great mobility under even slight changes of temperature, and the awful force with which now and again it does sweep over us, we so seldom hear of the sort of confusion which appeared to reign everywhere between Sunday and Wednesday. Why should it be so seldom heard of that every yard within a walk of two miles should be strewn with tiles, chimney-pots, brickbats, or some other vestige of the propelling power of the wind, as happened on Sunday, for instance, at Boulogne? Why should not the whole area of our island be oftener in the condition of that appositely named *Estaminet des Vents* which the hurricane suddenly turned inside out on Sunday in the same town? We suppose that the real guarantee

against constant repetitions of such scenes of destruction is the enormous elasticity of the particles of the atmosphere,—which causes them to spring asunder in so many directions, on the slightest of impulses, that it is far more difficult to hold the force exerted to pushing in a single direction than it is in the case of either liquids or solids. These terribly destructive storms are only possible, we suppose, when the forces which act upon the air are so combined as to condense a considerable volume of air and drive it steadily in a given direction, just as the compressed air which causes the explosion of an air-gun is kept by the barrel in which it is enclosed from expanding in any direction but one. Now, of course, this seldom happens in the case of an atmosphere which is only tied by the force of gravity to our planet. It is very rare, we suppose, under such conditions, for the constraint to be so exerted as to overcome the elastic tendency of the particles of air to spring apart, whereby they lose the continuity and coherence requisite for a combined attack on the rickettiness of human structures. It is the high volatility of the air which is our best security against the fixity needful for frequent discharges of such artillery as those of the early part of this week. A force which, if exerted to drive a stone or a bullet, would kill at once, and which, even if it were employed to drive water, would prove a most formidable power, is almost thrown away in the air, whose particles reflect it so instantaneously in all sorts of directions, that only a rapidly diminishing driving power is usually transmitted in the direction of the force impressed. Air is too much adapted for dancing away towards all quarters of the compass to be well fitted, without artificial manipulation, for the purposes of a battering-ram or a Bramah press. Indeed, it is in the gullies and narrow valleys, where something of this artificial constraint is provided for the air-currents, that, when such currents do happen to sweep through them, they are most terrible in the ruin which they bring.

It is, of course, chiefly the physical mischief caused by these tempests which arrests the attention of men. When there is a cloud of hats and chignons in the air, people do not think very much of the state of their brains or nerves, and yet the changes in the pressure of the atmosphere probably do cause more discomfort to most of us through our brains, than they cause even through the rape of our hats,

or the wettings due to driving snow or rain. Whenever the barometer sinks very low, heads begin to ache, and sleep to forsake all the considerable class of people whose nerves require the stimulus of a high pressure to discharge their functions with their usual rapidity and punctuality. There are people who can hardly sleep at all at a height of five or six thousand feet, and though, of course, no fall of the barometer, even in a hurricane, approaches in any degree to the fall which is due to this elevation, there appears to be something in the irregularity of the pressure, when a gale sweeps at the rate of sixty miles an hour over the earth, and the mercury stands one day at only 28 or 27 1-2 inches in the tube of the weather-glass and at 30° the next, that more than compensates for the mere diminution of the weight of air which you get in high Alpine situations. Now that we know that the mere presence, possibly the mere pressure, of light will so far alter the constitution of a substance like selenium as to turn it from a very poor conductor of electricity into a very decent one, we need not be surprised to find that sudden changes in the conditions of atmospheric pressure often lead to changes in the physical constitution of the nerves that are accompanied by both great distress and great loss of power. But so much the more we have reason to be very thankful that these great disturbances in all the conditions of life do not effect the physique of the brain even more than they actually do. Very slight forces seem to have so great an influence on the molecular structure of certain substances, that it is wonderful our nerves should not be more liable than they are to cerebral storms and hurricanes,—to disturbances, for instance, which might make whole populations temporarily delirious, and turn a city into a big lunatic asylum, instead of a merely harried, and worried, and wetted population. Indeed, when we think of the wonderful volatility of the atmospheric shell in which we live, it is certainly much more surprising that we do not suffer oftener and worse from its high and low tides, its tempests and its stagnations, than that we are now and then forced into grumbling at the excesses from which we are generally so free.

From Chambers' Journal.

"MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS."

THE effect of certain sounds upon the mind is often very curious. We do not allude to the ordinary phenomena of speech, singing, and music, where the sound-producing apparatus is tolerably familiar, and its distance from the hearer estimated with a near approach to accuracy. The effect is only "mysterious" when there is any doubt as to where the sound comes from, and how it has originated; the imagination then begins, and sometimes works itself up to very singular hallucinations. Night, or darkness without night, has much to do with this matter. When we cannot see the sound-producing agent, conjecture is apt to run wild; and ghost-stories often depend on no better foundation than this. For instance, certain sounds may frequently be heard at night, coming from the air above, but from an invisible source—a kind of whistling or prolonged cry, the producers of which are known in certain parts of England as "whistlers." Some legends make it out that these whistlers are ghosts, some evil spirits, some Wandering Jews. But the truth is that the sounds proceed from birds, such as wild geese or plovers, which are in the habit of flying in flocks by night, either for the purpose of reaching distant feeding-grounds, or during their annual migrations. The cry which is usually uttered by the "leader" during these nocturnal bird-flights has, from ignorance of its cause, been regarded as weird and mysterious by superstitious folks, who associate it with impending evil.

Sir David Brewster gives an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened many persons, but which proved innocently harmless when tested by a steady observer. A gentleman heard a strange sound every night, soon after getting into bed; his wife heard it also, but not at the time when *she* retired, a little earlier than he. No probable cause could be assigned; and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant. He found, some time afterwards, that the sound came from a wardrobe which stood near the head of his bed. He almost always opened and closed this wardrobe when undressing; but as the door was a little tight, he could not *quite* close it. The door, possibly affected by gradual changes of temperature, forced itself open with a sort of dull sound which was over in an instant. From the lady not being in the habit of using that wardrobe, the mys-

tery became associated with her husband only. Many a ghost-story would receive its solution by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of wood-work, such as doors, panels, wainscoting, and articles of furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is apt to be somewhat startling, until one comes to know that it is simply due to "the weather."

Sound being generally more audible at night than in the daytime, is often exaggerated by those who overlook that fact. Humboldt specially noted this when listening to the cataracts of the Orinoco, and traced it to differences in the humidity of the air. The atmosphere is sometimes more than usually transparent, and sometimes more than usually opaque, to sounds as well as to light; Dr. Tyndall has recently proved this in a striking way, in relation to the audibility of fog-signals in different states of the weather. A little mystery is also due to the fact that we sometimes know that sound is being produced by an object visible to us, and yet we cannot hear it. The chirp of the sparrow is inaudible to some persons; others, who can hear it, cannot hear the squeak of the bat; and all of us are at the mercy of a kind of tone-deafness (analogous in some degree to Dr. Dalton's colour-blindness), in regard to sounds of acute pitch. A singular case of visible but inaudible drumming occurred during the American War of Independence. English and American troops were drawn up on opposite sides of the river; the outposts were mutually visible; and the English could see an American drummer beating his tattoo, although no sound could be heard. This is attributed to a kind of tone-opacity which affected the air over the river in a particular state of temperature and humidity.

There is, to most of us, much mystery in sounds when louder than we expected to find them. A well at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, has water at the bottom; and when even so small an object as a pin is dropped into the water, the sound can be heard above, although the well is more than two hundred feet deep. At St. Alban's Cathedral, it used to be said, the tick of a watch could be heard from end to end of that very long building; whether the recent restorations have interfered with this phenomenon, we do not know. Sound can be heard over water at a greater distance than over land; Dr. Hutton heard a person reading at a hundred and forty

feet distance on the Thames, whereas he could only hear him seventy feet off on shore. Sound can be heard over ice, also, more easily than over land. When Lieutenant Foster was wintering in the Arctic regions, he found he could converse with a man a mile and a quarter distant, both being on the ice in Bowen Harbour. The human voice, it is asserted, has been heard ten miles off at Gibraltar—we presume, over the water of the strait. The whispering-gallery at St. Paul's is always a mystery to visitors; a whisper becomes distinctly audible at the opposite side of the gallery, but not at intermediate positions. The late Sir Charles Wheatstone once made a curious observation on sound at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park (recently pulled down). Placing himself close to the upper part of the interior wall (a circle a hundred and thirty feet in diameter), he found that a spoken word was repeated many times; that an exclamation appeared like a peal of laughter; and that the tearing of a piece of paper was like the pattering of hail. In the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, a whisper can be heard the whole length of the building, if the whisperer places himself in the focus of the semicircular apse at one end. A story is told that, long ago, a confessional-box was inadvertently placed just at that spot; that the details of a confession were audible at another spot near the entrance to the church; and that the authorities were first made acquainted with this awkward fact by a ferment arising out of one particular confession.

Single sounds repeated many times, and a whole sentence repeated after a second or two, are alike mysterious to those who are not conversant with the scientific conditions on which they depend. Some recorded echoes are of very remarkable character. Those on and near the Lakes of Killarney are doubtless familiar to many readers of this sheet. At Woodstock Park, near Oxford, it used to be said that an echo would repeat seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night—a statement possibly in need of modern modification. An echo on the banks of the Lago del Lupo, near Terni, is said to repeat seventeen syllables; while the old topographers of Sussex told of an echo of twenty-one syllables in Shipley Church.

Many a mysterious rumbling, a trembling if not a booming, has been fairly attributed to distant cannonading heard over wide stretches of sea, and sometimes of land. Supposing the statements to be correct (which, of course, we cannot guar-

antee), many of the recorded examples are notable enough. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles off. Rather more than this is the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, near Dublin, a distance travelled by the audible sound of a salute from a fleet of war-ships. Cannonading off the coast of Essex has been heard at Cambridge; and off the North Foreland, at London—distances of seventy or eighty miles. The booming of great guns has been heard from Messina to Syracuse, from Genoa to Leghorn, from Portsmouth to Hereford—distances of ninety to a hundred miles. Great explosions of gunpowder, in powder-works and in magazines, are said to have been heard at distances nearly as great as these. Guns fired at Carlsrona have been heard in Denmark, across the whole breadth of Sweden, a hundred and twenty miles off. At two or three places on the coast of Kent, it is said, the cannonading at Waterloo was heard—the distance being very considerably over a hundred miles. The terrible firing of the Federals and Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg, during the American civil war, made itself heard a hundred and thirty miles off; and it is even said that gunfiring at Stockholm was once heard at a distance of a hundred and eighty miles; and that cannonading in the German Ocean was audible at Shrewsbury, two hundred miles off. But if for cannonading we substitute the mightiest sounds of nature, great volcanic eruptions, we leave such distances far behind; Sir Stamford Raffles and other reliable authorities tell us that the tremendous volcanic eruption at Sumbawa Island, in the Eastern Archipelago, was heard *nine hundred miles away*.

There is often something very mysterious in sounds when we are deceived as to the direction whence they come, even when the sounds themselves are of a familiar kind; and if we are deceived both as to direction and distance, the mystery grows in interest. One of the best examples of this was the exhibition known as the *Invisible Girl*, pleasing in itself and scientific in action. In the middle of an exhibition-room was a small globe of copper or brass, suspended by strings or ribbons from a canopy, and in contact with nothing but those ribbons, except that four trumpet-mouths opened from the four sides of the globe. On speaking into one of these mouths, and asking questions, a tiny voice answered from the globe itself, speaking in three or four languages, according to the requirements of the ques-

tion, and singing at intervals. The globe was only a foot or so in diameter; but so completely did the voice seem to come from it, and so delicate and subdued was it in tone, that the effect produced upon the audience was striking. The mode of producing the sounds was scientifically complete. A framework that surrounded the ball had an air-tube along one horizontal bar and down one leg; when a spectator spoke or whispered into one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was echoed by the hollow of the globe back into the concealed tube, and conveyed into an adjoining apartment, where it was heard by a lady confederate, who whispered back the answer. We remember the exhibition, and can vouch for the fact that the voice seemed to come from a tiny being located in the small globe itself.

It has been pretty well ascertained, in regard to mysterious sounds coming from masses of stone, that the sonorous effects admit of a scientific explanation. At Solfatara, near Naples, when the ground at a certain spot is struck by throwing a large stone against it, a peculiar hollow sound is distinctly heard. This, it is believed, is due to one of three causes: there are large cavities beneath, or there are partial echoes in the porous stone, or there is a reverberation from the surrounding hills. Humboldt describes a granitic mountain in the Orinoco region as "one of those from which travellers have heard from time to time, towards sunrise, subterranean sounds resembling those of an organ. The missionaries call that stone *lozas de musica*. 'It is witchcraft,' said our young Indian guide. The sound is only heard when a person lies down on the rock, with his ear close to the surface." Humboldt expressed a belief that the rock contains a multitude of deep and narrow crevices; that the temperature of the crevices is different from that of the open air; that a sonorous current slowly issues at sunrise; and that the sound is probably due to this issuing current striking against thin films of mica in the granite. Near Tor, in Arabia Petrea, is a mountain which gives forth a curious sound. A legend is current among the natives to the effect that a convent of monks is miraculously preserved underground; and that the sound is produced by the *nakous*, a long metallic bar suspended horizontally, which a priest strikes with a hammer to summon the monks to prayers. A Greek is even said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine

gardens and delicious water: and in order to give proof of this descent, he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the underground convent! Seetzen, the first European traveller who visited this spot, played sad havoc with this imaginative picture. Accompanied by some Greeks and Arabs, he found a bare rock of hard sandstone, inscribed with Greek, Arabic, and Coptic characters. He came to the conclusion, on close examination, that the surfaces of two inclined planes of sandstone are covered with loose disintegrated sand; and that this sand, in gradually rolling down, produced a sound like the swelling and waning tone of a humming-top.

Perhaps the most familiar and mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar because almost every country fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors; mysterious, because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak as from the stomach instead of the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exercising this art in a public coffee-house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother; suddenly they heard a voice as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal; not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces, and chanted the *De Profundis*. A committee, appointed by the *Académie des Sciences* to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism, went with M. St. Gille to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aerial "spirits" somewhere in the neighbourhood. During the interview, she heard what she termed "spirit-voices" above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room; and was with diffi-

culty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquistic voice of M. St. Gille.

Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, *valet de chambre* to Francis I., whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit; and while he was present, she heard the voice of her deceased husband, expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage-arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day, and resumed the conversation; when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed ten thousand crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist — who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else. When the usurer learned afterwards how he had been duped, he died of vexation.

Of all producers of so-called mysterious sounds, Dr. Tyndall's sensitive or *vowel flame* is one of the most curious. Out of a particular kind of gas, with a burner of peculiar construction, the learned professor produces a lighted jet of flame, nearly two feet in height, extremely narrow, and so exquisitely sensitive to sounds that it sings, and dances up and down, in response to everything that is sung or said, with different degrees of sensibility for different vowel sounds. "The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to seven inches. When a bunch of keys is shaken, the flame is violently agitated,

and emits a loud roar. The dropping of a sixpence into a hand already containing coin, at a distance of twenty yards, knocks the flame down. It is not possible to walk across the floor without agitating the flame. The creaking of boots sets it in violent commotion. The crumpling or tearing of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the patter of a raindrop. I hold a watch near the flame; nobody hears its ticks; but you all see their effect upon the flame; at every tick it falls and roars. The winding-up of the watch also produces tumult. The twittering of a distant sparrow shrieks in the flame; the note of a cricket would do the same. A chirrup from a distance of thirty yards causes it to fall and roar." In reference to the power of the flame to respond to poetry, the lecturer said: "The flame selects from the sounds those to which it can respond; it notices some by the slightest nod, to others it bows more distinctly, to some its obeisance is very profound, while to many sounds it turns an entirely deaf ear."

So long as the cause of any unusual sound is unexplained to the non-scientific listener, he is apt, naturally enough, to term that sound mysterious; but the element of mystery will disappear when he is assured that sounds of every description are due to natural and unalterable acoustic principles.

From The Queen.

IN ITALICS.

ONE of the innumerable characteristics of women which cause the "inextinguishable laughter" of men is the habit cherished by many of underscoring their words; writing in italics for the better direction of the reader, and the more distinct emphasizing of the sense. Like many other things, the value or worthlessness of this habit depends solely on its use or abuse. Judiciously employed, those passages underlined, those words in italics, are excellent finger-posts to the mind; but when finger-posts are put up at every field-gate and foot-wide bridle-path, the attention gets chopped up into unmeaning fragments, and the sense is lost by subdivision. With some people, however, the habit is inveterate. We have seen letters in which every line was dashed as regularly as the t's were crossed and the i's dotted. Sometimes the dashes were doubled, and not always in the right

place: as, *Will you come to tea to-night?* or, *We MISSED you yesterday very much; Our music WAS good and the singing Excellent;* and so on. Editors know the kind of thing only too well from the amateur contributors who overwhelm them with their attentions. Were they to print as their untechnical correspondents write, their pages would be typographical harlequins — shape standing for colour. Italics for all the adjectives and adverbs; small capitals to all the nouns; inverted commas bracketing each well-known phrase and commonplace quotation; notes of exclamation standing sentinel at the end of every sentence; unmeaning dashes carrying the mind into the vast and vague — this is the kind of thing by which amateur writers would, if they were followed, break up the decent uniformity of bourgeois and small pica. We question, however, if the public would like the change, and we are sure that the printers would not; and even the writers themselves would feel a little surprise, if nothing more, when they saw their method translated into type, and learnt practically the need of level handwriting and a more sparing use of what we may call caligraphic expletives. A century ago, and less, italics and capitals were employed much more freely than now; as, is still the case with the Germans, every noun was headed with its distinctive letter in large, while the accent was laid by means of the italicized running hand, which showed the reader what he was expected to note; but the emphasis given by both is often poor and misplaced, and the result is one of forcible feebleness and empty pomposity rather than anything else.

It is the same with certain speakers. They emphasize their words as if each began with a capital, or was to be written in italics; and their voices inflect the inverted commas and notes of admiration which, writing, they would have marked down with a broad pen and in the blackest ink. If they tell you that they have just come in from a drive in the Park where they saw *the* chestnut team, they speak with as much emphasis as if they were acting in a melodrama at the moment of supreme danger, or, if in graver style, as if they were relating the deliberations of a Cabinet council, dealing with the fall of empires and the creation of future history. When they shake hands with you and inquire after your health, which is in the most uninteresting condition of flawless perfection, they wring your hand for the first part till you can hardly repress your groans, and for the second they throw

into their voices such an array of italics, and capital letters as would be excessive and exaggerated were they asking after the condition of an invalid hovering between life and death, and whose state carried with it the welfare of more existences than his own. They mean no more than the next comer who shakes hands without torture, and speaks without emphasis, whose voice has no italics, and his words no capital letters: it is simply their way, and they emphasize by inflation, as others emphasize by adjectives and by using the largest words for the smallest events. It is very funny to listen to these emphatic people. From a distance, a stranger to their method might imagine them in deep distress, or furious wrath. They growl, they shriek, they hammer out their words, with urgent stress and swinging force; they run through their register, now high, now low, and always powerfully emphatic; but it is all nothing. They are talking about the weather, of the cattle-plague, yesterday's dinner or to-morrow's tea, and their italics are of no more value than so many painted cannon and dummy gunners, things that look formidable, but do not carry either peas or pellets.

This habit of italicizing insignificant words and unimportant phrases passes into the life as well as the voice and the handwriting of a man, and people who act in italics and Roman capitals are quite as common as those who speak and write in them. Who does not know the emphatic self-importance by which the smallest event of a man's life is as largely acted, and as much dilated on as if his whole career turned on that one pivot? Some people lose their fortunes, their best beloved, their health, and no one hears a word; others part with their cook, and the world has the fact blown through a trumpet into its ears. Every acquaintance they possess hears the whole history spoken in capital letters and italics, from the first cause of disagreement to the last of final severance; and every one is expected to find the narrative interesting, and the moral typography suitable to the occasion. To change a house with these loudly-emphasized individuals is of more importance than to others of a weaker kind is marriage or partnership; and a dinner is an event which has its array of italics, from the soup to the dessert, and from the guests to the dresses. One gets tired of all this fervour and force, this making snail-shells into pearl-oysters, and seashore pebbles into diamonds; and with so much ado about nothing one welcomes

the repose of monotony itself, the rest of indifference. Colour in one's life is all very well; but it is fatiguing to see nothing but scarlet and purple before one's eyes; and even the very sky is the better for a haze as a veil and a few clouds to cast a shadow. But our emphasized friends who live in italics know nothing of haze or cloud, and the sobriety of neutral tints is a grace which they cannot compass, a beauty which they do not discern. They have no sympathy with the flowers that are born to bloom unseen, but prefer to cast their sweetness very far abroad indeed, and to make every wandering wind a messenger telling of their whereabouts and manner of being. The people who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, are people whom they neither envy nor affect, and they not only let their left hands know all that their right do, but they let every other person's left hand know it also. Each separate act of their lives is as a new chapter, begun with a huge ornamental initial letter and ended with a tail-piece, embodying the chief incidents; while the type is printed in italics, and the substantives are made in capitals. Has my lord spoken to them civilly? No Persian manuscript is more elaborate, more ornate; no schoolgirl's letter to her bosom friend more thickly underlined and emphasized than their narration of the great event. Has a crumb fallen from the huge bakery of fortune into their laps? The world is gathered to view the fragment with a clamour to which the hen's hysterical announcement of her last-laid egg is tame and subdued. Whatever happens to them has to be announced in posters to all their friends, and if they split hairs on the one hand they make each half into ships' cables on the other.

From The Saturday Review.

LANDED PROPERTY IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THE compulsory transfer of property in Prince Edward Island may perhaps have alarmed nervous English landowners who have become acquainted with the transaction by occasional conversations in Parliament. The precedents of which the Irish Land Act was the first are likely to accumulate with constantly diminishing regard for rules which were once deemed immutable. Every separate act of interference with property is excused, and perhaps justified, by the special circumstances

of the case; but the common principle that private right must yield to real or supposed public convenience acquires additional practical importance by each successive recognition of its validity. The expropriation of the landowners in Prince Edward Island has received the more or less willing assent of Lord Granville, Lord Kimberley, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Carnarvon. It may therefore be assumed that some measure of the kind was necessary, or that it was less objectionable than the probable results of an alternative policy; but property is a delicate institution, depending for its security on unbroken custom. In Prince Edward Island, as in Ireland, the concessions which were professedly due to reasons of practical convenience had been clamorously demanded on revolutionary and communistic grounds. Occupiers who were impatient of the existence of landlords have for some years announced that property in land was a usurpation, and that the soil naturally belonged to the actual cultivators. It is probable that they may change their minds since they have acquired their freeholds for an almost nominal consideration. The occupiers of the island will repay the debt which they owe to the Irish tenantry by furnishing arguments in favour of Mr. Butt's agitation for the transfer of the remaining rights of Irish landowners. After a time English proprietors will be reminded in turn that their interests also are subject to the discretion of the legislature. Some of them are prematurely inviting attack by the suicidal policy of confiscating property which happens to be excepted from the ordinary course of hereditary succession.

It must be admitted that the absentee landowners of Prince Edward Island occupied an invidious position. Lord Carnarvon lately informed the House of Lords that about a hundred years ago the land was acquired by their predecessors in title through the odd machinery of a raffle. The prizes in the crown lottery were estates of twenty thousand acres each; and the winners, who perhaps scarcely understood where their new possessions were situated, could have little intention of colonizing the island in their own persons. The actual settlers have since held their tenements at a trifling rent, which has in most cases run into arrear. The prevalence and popularity of freehold tenures throughout the continent of North America not unnaturally rendered the islanders discontented with their position; but fifty or thirty years

ago it would have been useless to ask the assent of a lieutenant-governor of the colonial office to measures for the compulsory acquisition of holdings by occupiers. The establishment and growth of popular power exercised by a democratic legislature has since changed the conditions of the controversy. One of the parties in the dispute returns all the members, while the other only held the property which was coveted by the constituency. An analogous division between the basis of taxation and that of representation has in other countries produced the results which might be expected. In Prince Edward Island the question was not as to the distribution of public burdens, but as to the ownership of all the land in the colony. Several bills were successively passed to enable the government to buy out the proprietors on terms so inequitable that the colonial minister or the governor-general of Canada refused to assent to them. Both Lord Dufferin and Lord Carnarvon at last sanctioned in 1875 an act which has effected the object of abolishing leasehold tenures. It appears by a recital in the preamble that when the island was annexed to Canada, the government of the Dominion undertook to contribute eight hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of enabling the government of the province to buy up the leasehold lands. The act constituted a commission which was to assess the compensation to be paid to the owners, the governor-general, the lieutenant-governor of the island, and the proprietors themselves respectively nominating one of the three commissioners.

Mr. Childers, who was appointed a commissioner by Lord Dufferin, was obliged to return to England after making an award on the claims of ten considerable proprietors. The principles on which he adjudicated have probably been adopted by his successors; and to those who are unacquainted with the country the results seem at least to explain the loudly expressed dissatisfaction of the expropriated owners. For the freehold of one hundred and thirty thousand acres of land the arbitrators awarded sixty thousand pounds. There is no reason to doubt either their competence or their impartiality, though the losers by the transaction may be excused for including the commissioners in the blame which they impute to the provincial legislature, to the government of the Dominion, and to the colonial minister. By the 28th section of the act the commissioners are required to consider,

amongst other things, the price at which other proprietors have sold their land, the arrears of rent, the gross rental already paid by the tenants during the previous six years, and the net receipts of the proprietor, the number of acres held by adverse claimants, and the possibility of ejecting them, and the condition of the original grants from the crown. As the tenants have for many years, with the concurrence of the legislature, baffled and thwarted the proprietors by all possible means in their efforts to assert their rights, their resistance to the law is now rewarded by a proportional diminution in the compensation allowed to the proprietor. Adverse claimants are probably squatters, with no title but possession; and the undoubted difficulty of ejecting them from their holdings authorizes a further deduction from the amount of compensation. The proprietors had protested loudly against all the measures of the provincial Assembly, including the act of 1875; but it is not surprising that the smallness of the sums awarded by the commissioners is regarded, not as a necessary consequence of previous legislation, but as a new and distinct grievance. No objection can be made to a provision that no percentage should be allowed for compulsory purchase. Residents in England who had inherited large tracts of land in a distant colony could not be supposed to feel any sentimental attachment to their estates. It must not be forgotten, that all the deductions allowed by the act really corresponded to drawbacks from the value of the property. If no transfer had been effected, the leaseholders would constantly have become more turbulent and more contumacious.

The action of the provincial legislature was first suggested by Lord Granville in a despatch which referred to the Irish Land Act, then recently passed. The

principle of compulsory interference was common to Ireland and to the colony; but the reasons which were thought to render the application of the principle expedient were as different as the economic circumstances of the two countries. The remedies were also unlike, for in Ireland proprietors have not been compelled to sell their estates, and in Prince Edward Island there are no evicted tenants to receive compensation. In one country land was scarce and dear, and it was the object of incessant competition. Prince Edward Island is thinly settled, and some of the proprietors owned large tracts of uncultivated land. The universal establishment of freehold tenures will probably promote population and prosperity. Ireland was twenty years ago over-peopled; and it has at present a sufficient number of inhabitants. It is a cause for regret that the leasehold tenures in Prince Edward Island were not voluntarily commuted some years ago, when their proprietors might probably have secured more liberal terms. A similar measure would not be applicable to England, where the accumulation of large estates, and the customary relation of landlord and tenant, result in a great degree from economical causes; but there can be no doubt that the precedent will often be quoted. The Irish Land Act passed on the assurance of the government that the recognition of exceptional circumstances would not affect the security of property in other parts of the United Kingdom; but one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues has often since publicly contended that the principle of the Irish Act must in consistency be applied to England. Lord Dufferin and Lord Carnarvon may be acquitted of willingness to tamper with the foundations of property; but their authority will be hereafter invoked in favour of schemes for the redistribution of land.

UTILIZATION OF THE SUDS FROM THE WASHING OF WOOL.—In nothing has the advance of practical science been more clearly evidenced than in the extent to which substances formerly wasted and lost are now reclaimed and made to constitute an important element in the profits of the manufacturer. One of these applications consists in the recovery of soap-suds from the washings of wool in woollen factories. These were formerly allowed to run down the sewers and into the streams, to the great pollution of the latter; but in Bradford, they are now run from the

washing-bowls into vats, and there treated with sulphuric acid. The fats rise to the surface in a mass of grease a foot or more in thickness, which is carefully collected and treated in various ways, mostly by distillation. The products are grease, used for lubricating the cogs of driving-wheels in the mills; oleic acid, which is worth about £30 per ton, and used as a substitute for olive-oil; stearin, worth £80 per ton, etc. It is said that some large mill-owners are now paid from £500 to £1,000 a year for these suds, which a few years ago were allowed to run to waste.